TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II | SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1926 | NUMBER 23

Is New York American?

IS New York American? The usual answer to this question is, no, and then, with rising indignation, No! Sometimes the hope of those that think our morals, our taste, our language, and our literature are going to the dogs, is that New York, where most of the novelties come from, is not American.

When it comes to books, this statement will not stand analysis. New York in the arts is the most American part of America, though by no means necessarily the best. It is the living edge of growth and experiment.

American literature has grown sophisticated. It is hard where it used to be soft, self-conscious where once it was naive, poised and aware where once it used to blunder into excellence. Especially is this true of the stage. American books have grown more realistic in the philosophic sense. No longer do they accept all the conventions as doctrine. Marriage, the state, religion, morality, love, as the nineteenth century knew them, are all under challenge. Only magazine writing of the two million reader variety accepts the old conclusion that a beautiful bride and a million dollars will make any man happy for life. American writers, like those of Europe, have immensely widened the area of their studies. They have plunged into the inner consciousness, as in Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left," and finding drama there have brilliantly exposed it. They have discovered the psychological importance of sex, and have not hesitated to discuss it in all its reality. American authors, first under European influence, and then by their own volition, have become fertile in technical experiments. They have turned the play inside out, and taken the novel apart in the attempt to see what it was made of. The old-fashioned reader sometimes does not know whether it is poetry, prose, or sheer madness that he is reading. And lastly, these new Americans have become satiric, ironic, sarcastic, until no withers are unwrung.

And all these characteristics of a changing American literature are inevitably associated with New York. There they have begun, or been most encouraged. There, in New York, the waves of European ideas carrying novelty and change beat most strongly. There, in New York, men and women come from all over the United States bringing the desire for change bred in their home community and to be discharged in New York. Searching reality, they find New York sophisticated, open-minded, intelligent, aware of Europe, yet self-dependent. And they make, there or elsewhere, then or later, since New York (like old Boston) is a state of mind by no means geographical, the books that are different.

Is New York, then, American? Acutely so, for in literature at least it represents America in the future tense. The rapid extensions of fiction, the new diction of poetry, the quick sophistication of the stage, are all normal results of a change in ideas and beliefs which are as inevitable for one part of the Union as another. Anyone who still reads the great Victorians and will take the pains to study the ideas implicit in the news of his daily paper, knows that we have entered a new era, and also that change in art, literature, music, as well as in education, government, and society is certain. If New York reflects this most vividly, it is not because it is anti-American.

The animosity aroused by the new literature is readily to be accounted for. In part it is a natural resentment against new ideas that ignore old ones. But this is not all. The new era is still formless in its philosophy, uncertain of where it is going, only sure that it does not believe what the nineteenth century believed. Hence the effect upon the conservatives is precisely as if a mob on floating cakes of ice were trying to pull the safe and sound after them. We will not believe the ice is breaking up. We do not like floating cakes. And likewise, while this New York literature has vigor, growth, invention, skill, it displays in excess the qualities of the new era which we are not going to like—lack of restraint, lack of taste, wild expressiveness, indecency, cynical wit.

There is reason enough for distrusting New York in its excesses, but none at all for thinking it untypical. It is American precisely as a child's precocities are the child. Like it, or like it not, New York in literature and journalism is America in experimental becoming.

Mamertine

By LEONARD BACON

TWAS here they strangled Vercingetorix.
Here the Numidian tyrant, as the knot
Drew tighter, rolled his eyeballs scarlet-shot,
Shivered, and died, for all his politics.
And there are other names you ought to mix
With these, to show us that you know a lot,
But which unhappily you have forgot,
A memory will play a man these tricks.

Dull little guide, who tread the sacred street
Lying about your ancestors. God knows
His purposes. The she-wolf, I suppose,
Had she forseen you, and your shrugs and grins,
Forth from the suckling lips had drawn the teat,
And breakfasted in quiet on the twins.

This Week

"The Tortoiseshell Cat." Reviewed by *Hulbert Footner.*
"Three Rousing Cheers for the Rollo Boys"; "Bigger and Better"; "The Family Album"; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Reviewed by *William Rose Benet.*
"From an Old House." Reviewed by *Meade Minnigerode.*
"The Greatest Book in the World." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*
"Disraeli; Alien Patriot." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*
"The Carburetor Handbook." Reviewed by *William McFee.*
"Israel." Reviewed by *Joel Blau.*
Newcomers: Gertrude Stein. By *Paul Rosenfeld.*

Next Week, or Later

"An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser. Reviewed by *Sherwood Anderson.*
"Beatrice Cenci." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Published by Time, Incorporated
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Quakers and Puritans

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT IS the fashion to say that world history, European history, most of all American history is being rewritten. It is not so much being rewritten as reinterpreted. Although the new willingness to be interesting has given style again some of its old importance, and the innumerable facts which research has discovered in the past half century have revised many a conclusion, neither circumstance in itself is so important as our changed attitude toward desired truth. We have more information about the past, and of late the record has been more acceptably written, yet the essential change is in the theory of living according to which facts are arranged and words chosen to present them, and this theory depends upon the special interests of our age. Indeed one can say with little exaggeration that our interest has created the new facts by drawing them from the obscurity in which nine-tenths of the past must always lie, and that those curious in mental processes may well find what we in our time wish to know about history more significant than what we have discovered in the tombs of the Egyptians or the records of the American pioneers. For we seek neither with the Middle Ages a record of God's dealings with men, nor with the eighteenth century a political philosophy, but instead evidence which will help us to apprehend what we regard as the most important aspect of human life: the developing power of man over nature and his own mental processes, and proof from any era that the mind and its body progress, or regress, and why. The fifth century in Rome, the twelfth in France, and the seventeenth in America all interest us for reasons that would not have strongly held the actors in those periods. Augustine, we imagine, would have read Gibbon with disdain. Abelard surely would regard H. G. Wells across the ages with something like contempt, and Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather declare in their heaven of the elect that our discussions of puritanism are irrelevant if not stupidly ignorant of the vital needs of humanity.

Right or wrong, we pursue our own interests, but are not thereby permitted to vilify or misunderstand our ancestors whose motives differed so sharply from ours. Books like Mr. Murdock's new life of Increase Mather* and Miss Best's recent study of Quaker saints,** are therefore welcome because they are in effect explanations of strong and ancient forces persistently uncomprehended by the very civilization they still mould and shape.

The Puritan influence came from emigrants who took with them the bone and sinew of British individualism in religion and education. Their descendants, who gave the United States its most characteristic mental habit, have been misconceived both by the great New Englanders, Hawthorne and Emerson, and by the anti-puritans of our day. All have sought in them what they wished to find. The Quakers, possessors of a set of ideals and a practice of living each more perfectly realized than any other doctrine or ethics that came to America, have been neglected as a shaping force. And yet the ten generations since the puritan beginnings or the eight since the friendly impact of the Quakers are a tiny span in history, even in a packed history like that of the United States. Their mental habits and ideals are stronger in the American mind today than anything else that has been brought over seas and

* INCREASE MATHER. By KENNETH B. MURDOCK. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. $6.

** REBEL SAINTS. By MARY AGNES BEST. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only to be equalled by the effect of the native environment itself.

Mr. Murdock is more interested in a reputation than in influences. His scholarly treatise is a well documented history of a typical puritan who was second only to Edwards in power of the intellect, and to none in his public relations with his narrow but fecund epoch in New England. The author's purpose is to justify Increase according to the Mathers' own lights, and thus demolish the legends of superstition, self-seeking, sourness, and obscurantism that cling about the tormentors of witches and makers of gloom for later America. His book, otherwise satisfying, suffers from this avowed purpose; he has indeed proved too much. The tension of the Puritan mind is explained, but the tension remains, a force that made great men great though unlovely, but drove lesser human nature toward hypocrisy and hysteria. The argument which clears the Calvinist because he was a good Calvinist, would excuse Torquemada for his consistency in upholding the Inquisition.

He does not make Increase and the great divines of his period more lovable, but he supplies well-ordered evidence for a conclusion which is really more important. He depicts a typical leader of seventeenth century New England who, whether in the English court or at home in Boston, was to be compared in intellectual stature and relative influence to any man of his era, and his book will help to confirm an estimate of puritan New England not as a sour and wrangling community of cantankerous pioneers (which was sometimes nevertheless a good description) but as one of those communities like Florence of the quattrocento where, in small compass, responsibility, genius, energy developed in a remarkable degree and made a print upon history far sharper and deeper than might be expected of so small and struggling a state.

The key to the problem is the quality of the puritan leader as an intellectual, in the sense in which we use that significant word. The New Englanders in general were picked men, as is shown by the prepotence of their heredity, but more significant for the dominance of the puritan habit of mind was the status of the clergy who came with them or were chosen and educated on this soil. They were not only thinkers of unusual energy, but they functioned under conditions likely to give even inferior intellects the greatest of opportunities. Men like the three Mathers, like Davenport, like Edwards, were not of course inferior in any sense. All of them came into active rivalry with statesmen, soldiers, above all intellectuals, both at home and in the great world overseas, and it is doubtful whether their superiors in native intelligence and acquired ability were alive in their times. Increase gained the respect of Cromwell and two English kings, Edwards in his "Freedom of the Will" displayed a power in pure metaphysics not exceeded since. But if they had been lesser men their position as leaders in a theocracy with as much civil power as moral, and as much dominance by character as by doctrine, would have assured them an influence in their country to be measured only by generations. For in the rough world of early New England, where there was plenty of drunkenness, lechery, worldly self-seeking, and unspiritual grabbing of land and power, the clerical ideals were nevertheless dominant, and the majority, whatever their practice, honestly believed that the will of God as their leaders taught it was more important than trade balances or the acreage annually cleared.

The New England theocracy failed, as was to be expected. The idea of a God's experiment in a new England where all conditions should favor the elect and success be measured by perfection vigorously interpreted, was doomed in birth. It was not predestined to failure because human nature could never survive such a test. Who knows that it cannot? It failed for the deeper reason that the test itself was faulty. Real saints from the Quaker fold, gentle and liberal natures like Roger Williams, lovers of the Lord, who, like Vaughn or Herbert, adored him in the Arminian fashion, were, according to its stern tenets, more dangerous to a logical and unalterable orthodoxy than debauched Indian traders or profit-seeking Yankees who gave only lip service to the puritan Jehovah.

It failed, casting a premonitory gloom over the last days of Increase Mather, stirring Cotton Mather's petulant femininity to incredible exertions, and rousing Edwards to the height of his great and hopeless arguments for a fatalistic creed that in spite of him could not stand prosperity or endure the relaxations of common sense. But the decay of God's New England was only the beginning of the story.

Five generations of intellectual leaders had insisted upon the will to perfection and imposed a doctrine of never relaxing strain upon New England and the colonies of New England spread from Charleston to the beginning of the new West. They put an emphasis upon willing, and planted in the most obdurate consciousness the idea that man must hourly strive for improvement. According to the doctrine, it was only thus that men could discover whether they were of the elect, but in the subconsciousness of the puritan descendant this became not so much a doctrine as a mental habit of moral strenuosity.

I do not refer to the will to reform, although that of course ran with the other. The will to make others good so evident throughout American social history is a concomitant of individualism in religion. If I, rather than Holy Church, am responsible for morality, then I must see to it that my brother behaves himself. But reform, as we have it, is more humanitarian than specifically puritan. Increase Mather and his kind legislated for the will of God not for ethics; the point with them was not whether society behaved itself for prosperity's sake, but whether man was freed of his passions to devote his whole attention to the commands of God. Drunkenness was not wicked because it degenerated but because it interrupted the concerns of the soul. Good liquor strengthened the elect, and was therefore praiseworthy; excessive mirth in a teetotaller was more dangerous than rum soberly administered since levity hid from man the sternness of his God. Increase would have heartily approved the political methods of the anti-saloon league and violently attacked their humanitarianism as tending to advance the damnable theory that comfort, prosperity, health, good morals had any value in themselves if not a function of the soul's complete election to salvation. A dozen puritan divines today of the old stamp and old power would blow the eighteenth amendment to flinders in a generation—and probably give us something worse.

* * *

It is, indeed, not the ethical formula for making everybody good that is the chief legacy of the puritans, nor, except in weak forms, their dominant fear of the passions. Nor is it their anti-æstheticism, for in that, if they were blind to color and deaf to music, their intellectual sense of proportion, their appreciation of decorous beauty, is manifest in their furniture, their houses, and most of all in the exquisite order of such of their villages as we have not yet destroyed. Nor have the ideas, which intellectuals usually leave behind them, in this case survived in any consistency. No, it is a mental habit which New England chiefly gave to the United States, a deep-lying will to achieve and accomplish, essential at first to all Calvinists who could never know whether they were of the elect or the damned unless they strove unendingly, and in the decline of Calvinism become a will to succeed in any fashion, not to lie down and take one's ease, not to be content with what one was or had, never to cease trying to rise in the scale, which in a hundred forms, many degenerate, some admirable, is a part of American strenuosity throughout history. The aim was lost or transmuted, the will, the habit, the custom of energy remained.

That the influence of a pioneer environment with its obstacles which had to be overcome was great in this, I of course do not deny, and that boundless opportunity in the same environment also called forth the will is obvious. Nor do I forget the later Scotch-Irish whose equivalent doctrine had like effects. Climate too has been a factor, yet the more carefully one studies American literature, religion, and social history, the more evident and the more continuous does this mental habit appear. And in both its ethical and unethical forms—whether in the reforming clergyman, the tireless organizer of business, or the American undergraduate strenuous beyond comparison in the pursuit of his own ideals—it is essentially puritan (as Keyserling incidentally has recently stated) and specifically in America owes its strongest impulses and immediate origin to the leaders of New England thought who were the strongest moral and intellectual force in our early history. We have lost, or denied, the ends they sought. We have substituted control of nature or of other men for the will of God as they interpreted it, but in accordance with familiar psychological laws, the mind has kept the direction they gave. There are no puritans alive today except in phases so pallid that the seventeenth century brethren would have cast them out. Billy Sunday would have been whipped in New England, and the present Methodist leaders confounded in doctrine and convicted of heresy. The research scientist, inflexibly bending his whole energy to making man's knowledge conform to a nature with whose secrets he wrestles, is the nearest counterpart to the Mathers (who themselves were far more scientific than literary). And the scientist, though he lacks the moral fervor and breadth of purpose of the puritan, is our strongest intellectual influence now, as they were then. Let us hope that he will not become equally besotted. But in any case, the puritan habit of mind is still ours, and we are not likely soon to escape it.

Miss Best's "Rebel Saints" reveals what the Quaker influence upon so much that we essentially are has come to in the general memory. She writes brief biographical essays about men and women familiar to those born Quakers, or to readers of Sewel's History, or to students of religion—Mary Dyer, Elizabeth Katherine Evans, famous in Malta, Mary Fisher who invaded the "Holy Land of New England" and the camp of the Sultan, the astonishing sailor, Thomas Lurting, and, of course, William Penn, and that most satisfactory of modern messiahs, George Fox. But it is necessary that she should write of them aggressively, stressing their militant radicalism, their fire, their youth, their great program of universal communion with the best of the inner nature of man, in order that she may cancel in the minds of her readers the common idea of the Quaker as a peace-at-any-price man who believed that plain clothes and non resistance made religion.

Her heroes were the real fighting Quakers in contradistinction to those commonly so called who lacked the courage of their convictions and chose in time of warfare the easier way. These real Quakers were bold beyond the experience of their times, more daring than the most daring pioneers, more reasonable, more far-seeing, more resolute in their insistence that man must rely upon the God within him, than the puritans in their determination that he must serve God according to formula. If Miss Best in her desire to make her Quakers vital has adopted a false style of over emphasis, full of cant colloquialisms drawn from stale military journalism, and with such unpardonable vulgarisms as "a fly was discovered in the ointment in the person of Mistress Anne Hutchinson," that is because the Quakers whose principles she well understands have not given her their spirit, which though often excessive was never cheap. Not her Quaker subjects, but Mr. Strachey and Mr. Guedalla, who began some years ago to rewrite history in epigram, are responsible for such lapses from taste as the style of this their less gifted imitator.

The Quakers of her book are the founders, and though so deeply influential in America were not, except incidentally, Americans. We recognize, of course, some aspects of their influence. We know that Penn's state was the first model of a liberal government, and far closer in ideals and practice to our United States than was the Puritan theocracy. But it is too commonly supposed that essential Quakerism was lost in the rigidity which strangled the Friends in the eighteenth century and changed a world-wide enthusiasm into a prosperous sect. This is not true. The seed of the Quakers was sowed as widely if less deeply than the mental habits of the puritans. The Quakers, while their energy lasted, permeated every corner of the infant country. New Englanders carried their strenuous but decaying doctrine with them as they emigrated westward to improve their economic status, but the Quakers on their first flood went far and wide as missionaries preaching the inner light. See Woolman's Journal as one of many testimonies. They too, in rapid expansion, became part of every American community, influencing it by example which is always stronger than doctrine, generally liked and always respected, where the Yankees outside of New England were generally disliked and often feared.

Indeed, one need not fear over-statement in saying that the fundamental qualities of what can properly be called the American brand of idealism are es-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentially Quaker in character, and [illegible] Quaker in origin. Tolerance, respect [illegible] man, spiritual equality, impatience [illegible] forms, dislike of violence as a means [illegible] disputes, belief in the essential goodness [illegible] nature, even of foreign human nature, [illegible] dence in religion, humanitarianism whether [illegible] ers, animals, or slaves:—I do not mean, [illegible] say that American history has been based [illegible] principles, but that they have been constantly felt, constantly urged by the majority of Americans susceptible to ideals at all, can certainly be amply demonstrated. And these, if they are Christian principles in general, are Quaker principles in particular, are indeed the very principles which in the sectarian age of violence, privilege, intolerance, plain men and women by the hundreds of thousands paid for with their property, their liberty, or their lives. George Fox's diary is as much more modern in the principles advanced and the ideas included as it is more Christian in the primitive sense than Cotton Mather's "Magnalia" or the tenets of Archbishop Laud.

Yet the Quaker has failed of that eminence of praise and abuse which the puritan has so emphatically gained in American history. He has lacked a literature to preserve and commemorate him. The weakness of Quakerism was its deficiency in intellectual fibre. It depended upon insight, which babes and sucklings might possess when scholars were blinded by their own vanities. Hence it bred saints but not intellectuals. So long as the spiritual fires burned bright, miracles were accomplished. But when the blaze subsided the ardor slackened, and to keep alive the vigor of the sect there was no such mental discipline as Calvinism required. The Quakers founded the best of elementary schools, but only late and slow did they come to higher education. They did not train intellectual leaders because they did not need intellectual leaders, whereas in the puritan theocracy these were essential; and hence there was no such transmutation possible from the needs of the church to the needs of the state as made New England the nursery of intellect for the nation.

And for this reason and perhaps also because of the essential humility of the good Friend, the idealism of the Quakers passed into the national consciousness and lost its marks of origin while the sour reforming habit of the puritans and their insistence upon will was carried with them, and often under their name, into later history. That Quakerism grew flabby, even as puritanism grew aimless, is evident. The degeneration of the fine philosophy of the Friends into general amiability and ineffective gestures against violence was not without its effect upon American conduct in 1914, and the quietism of thrifty common sense which is the last stage of tolerance and plain living has made Penn's Pennsylvania prosperous and heavy-minded. Yet in essential principles, in mental attitudes, in religious ideas there is more vital Quakerism than genuine puritanism in America today, with the single exception of that belief spread so widely by New Englanders throughout the Middle West, that virtue can and should be legislated upon the minds of fellow men.

Can we get back the full vigor and single-minded direction of the puritan intellectuals without becoming once more dogmatic and stretching our minds again upon the logical outline of self-sufficing creed? This is the essential problem of American education and is recognized as such by every leader whose words are worth regarding.

Can we revive essential Quakerism with its spiritual fire, its passionate belief in the possible goodness of every man, its willingness to forego privilege if the community can become friends in the sight of God, its insistence upon the greater reality of the inner life?—can all this be revived in prosperity, with the conquest of nature held forth as the greatest good, and a cynical will to power tacitly accepted? Can success be given the Quaker's connotation in environments richer, subtler, more powerful than his? That has been for a century, and still is, the vital theme of American literature, from Emerson and Cooper (who were both half Quaker), Thoreau, Whitman, down to Willa Cather, Robert Frost, and Sherwood Anderson.

A Good First Novel

THE TORTOISESHELL CAT. By NAOMI G. ROYDE-SMITH. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER

THIS book is hailed on the wrapper as England's "best novel of the year." It is hardly that. Swinnerton's "The Elder Sister" and Garnett's "The Sailor's Return" spring into the mind to confute the claim. Nevertheless the enthusiasm of the English reviewers is quite justified by the author's qualities. It is enchanting to discover in a first novel such a mellow wit; such a sympathetic understanding; such a delicious humor. It becomes evident in the first pages that Miss Royde-Smith belongs among the best of the women novelists. There are certain subtle, keen, affectionate, and malicious portraits of women in this novel that no man could have equalled. Miss Royde-Smith wisely concentrates on women. She introduces only enough of the male element to keep her story moving. Even the cat is a lady cat. The reader is very definitely informed of that fact.

All the good fairies were therefore present at their author's christening; but alas! one feels that the wicked fairy got in also. One hopes that in subsequent books her spell may be broken. The wicked fairy, if one reads aright, inspired Miss Royde-Smith with the desire to be original. The pity of it is, that with such gifts as hers, she didn't have to

'When swift the Camel-rider spans'

Illustration from "The Kasidah," by Sir Richard Burton (Brentano's).

try to be original. In this novel she has chosen to develop an extremely difficult and unpleasant situation. This particular situation, like any other in life, is perfectly proper material for the novelist—if he can swing it! But we have a right to require of our entertainers that they do not bite off more than they can chew.

That is what has happened to Miss Royde-Smith in this case. She does not tell the plain truth about these ugly matters—how could she in English? In order to make the actions of her heroine appear credible, and at the same time retain some sympathy for that young lady, she is forced to attribute to her the preposterous innocence so beloved of old-fashioned novelists, which ignores the existence of the instincts we are all born with. The consequence is that this highly modern story ends with a sort of moral shudder, that carries us back to mid-Victorian days. Miss Royde-Smith is much, much too good for this sort of thing. Surely a novelist has no right to be scandalized by his own work. If he cannot treat of such matters disinterestedly, he should leave them alone. Miss Royde-Smith has laid herself open to a fatal comparison; for Maupassant has developed this very situation in the famous story called "Paul's Mistress." There the whole truth *is* told; and the result is one of the most dreadfully painful stories in any language.

Though this is her first novel, Miss Royde-Smith is a person of experience in literary matters, so that her choice of a theme, and her treatment of that theme must have been deliberate. She probably argued that it was the only way she could get by with it. So we may commend the lady's astuteness if not her art.

In conclusion it must be insisted upon again, that Miss Naomi G. Royde-Smith is a first-rate novelist. Whatever he may think of the main theme, a rich pleasure awaits every discriminating reader in the by-products, the minor characters of this book. There are four women; Winona, Lady Bottomley; Aunt Elizabeth; Mrs. Barraclough, and Jane Bird who are triumphantly good, and a crowd of others who come to life in a single sentence. London is evoked again in these pages. The whole is informed with a certain, warm, humane sense of fun that is rare in a woman. It is invaluable to have a view of women from such a woman.

The Sprightly Jest

THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS. By COREY FORD. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1925. $2.

BIGGER AND BETTER. By DON HEROLD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.

THE FAMILY ALBUM. By ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1925. $1.50.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES. By ANITA LOOS. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NOTHING seems so rare as a humorous volume that is consistently humorous. And one should never read volumes of humor with an eye toward reviewing them. Some of the funniest things are just spontaneously idiotic and can not be explained to the reader. All the reviewer can do is to bring in a general report at to what seems to him the percentage of true funniness in the books he has essayed. And even then, if he has seriously sat down to them, to write a review, they won't seem nearly as funny as if he had picked them up in idle and expansive moments and not worked so hard trying to analyze their merits.

We have found Mr. Corey Ford's volume, of those listed above, the easiest to read, and Miss Loos's volume the next easiest. Mr. Ford takes off in burlesque a popular series of books for boys that is still being issued, so far as we know. He hits off the main characteristics of this series, and of similar series, in a very amusing fashion, and he introduces, toward the end, parodies of certain popular writers of the day,—even of the humorous Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, to whom it seems to us he owes something in developing his own line.

We are inclined to mark Mr. Ford about eighty-five percent for his book. Miss Loos, in hers, gives us the diary of an amusing little gold-digger, "beautiful but dumb." Her book is a notable character-drawing of a modern type. She convinces us that she knows the type thoroughly. The illiterate journal of the blonde that gentlemen prefer canters along with considerable sprightliness. It is of the order of books to which the famous Billy Baxter of "Billy Baxter's Letters" (a popular favorite of a generation ago) belonged, and to which Streeter's "Dere Mable" was a wartime contribution. It celebrates a typical siren of the day, the little lady who is being educated by kind Mr. Eisman, and relates how she educates the gentlemen she meets. Miss Loos's touch upon her particular material is quite as sure as Mr. Ford's is upon his, though her area for satire is more restricted. We are inclined to mark Miss Loos eighty percent.

And we are inclined to give Mr. Don Herold, a weather-beaten old salt of a contemporary humorist, about a seventy-five for his "Bigger and Better." He is funny in both text and pictures. His idiocy is genial and gentle and mixed with sad philosophy. His book is a series of short pieces, and he knows the appeal of brevity. We have never found him uproarious, but he has often been funnier than we expected.

It seems to us that Mr. Herold is, on the whole, funnier than Mr. "Bugs" Baer, to whom we will assign the passing mark of sixty-five, but no more. We have listened to the kind of paragraphs Mr. Baer strings together from our youth up. The humorists changed, but the line was more or less the same. We do not discern subtlety, the strokes are broad and obvious. We have heard a deal of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patter upon the comedy stage. Sometimes it crackles, more often is falls dully upon our ears. Mr. Seldes and Mr. Masson enthusiastically introduce Mr. Baer, a queer pair to find themselves in agreement over any humorist! Mr. Seldes is a true enthusiast, and all we can say is that the merits so clamorous to him are quite inaudible to us. If anybody asked us about "The Family Album" we should be inclined to say, "We-ell, it's fairly funny!" And really purportedly humorous work should deserve more than that, if it is between covers. Of course, Mr. Baer has to turn out his stuff day in and day out. As a journalistic entertainer he has attained and maintained a certain average. But we don't rank him very high as yet. He isn't nearly as crazy, either, as we had hoped from the remarks of Mr. Seldes.

Perhaps we are jaded. It takes a great deal on the printed page to coax a laugh out of us,—not in bulk but in intensity. And then of course we have all been constantly told that in no one characteristic do people differ so violently as in what they think of as their sense of humor. We think Miss Loos's book is really a very clever one. And yet we read it all through with a perfectly solemn face. We caught ourselves laughing only about four separate times over Mr. Corey Ford. Don Herold found us grave, with an occasional quirkiness of the lips; and at "The Family Album" our eyelids became droopy.

This is an honest confession, at least. Try these books yourself, if you don't believe us!

Background and Being

FROM AN OLD HOUSE. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $15.

Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE

YOU have an old stone house, a Dower House of 1712, in Chester County, Pennsylvania. You suddenly decide to rebuild, to enlarge it; to fill it with early American furniture, and glass, and pewter; to plant around it a garden hedged with box. You do these enviable things, you write about them and, if your name is Joseph Hergesheimer, you have this stately book. A chronicle of early Americana traced to their furthermost hiding places; an interpretation of these ancient things, of their spirit, of their significance in the frequently heedless present; of their enshrinement of a too carelessly forgotten past. And, at the same time, a personal record which, together with "The Presbyterian Child," illuminates the whole background of a lifetime.

Already in the original Dower House, "at once, I think, imperceptibly, the tranquillity of the very aged walls . . . . spread over us its influence." This was to be the essence of the enlarged house—dignity, simplicity, serenity, loveliness. It was to preserve the integrity of original materials and workmanship. Hand made nails, oak pins—"that was the old way to do it. That, then, would be our way." Completed, an expression of its owner's "passion for fine historic detail," it would be a "memento of a time before me. . . . It would remain to show men, deafened by what they had gained, a simplicity of quiet forever lost."

Then he furnished it, gradually, critically, with an increasing wisdom tempering an affectionate enthusiasm for early Americana, and the Dower House "took the tables and chests of drawers into itself and gave them a sustained personality; inside its walls it allowed no air of a collection." The things belonged in their places, they had their definite use; and in the end the house "held the history of a country and and the impression of generations of lives; it preserved a lost age" and surely it must never be touched, the things never be scattered again. American things in an old American house; much of it modern structurally, it is true, but actually more genuinely ancient in spirit than many older survivors. The house had demanded the things, he tells you, it had reached out and secured them, one by one.

He admits, though, that the Paca hunting board should have really gone to Mr. Murtagh's place. . . .

But the book is far more than the devoted record of stone, and wood, and glass. It is a revelation of the owner himself. And not the gentleman of "San Christobal de la Habaña," telling you what he wore, and ate, and drank, although there is food and drink too in the old house; but the writer toiling with "that passion for imaginative writing which had, incongruously, chosen me for its seat"—three thousand words a day, in long hand in thin blank books. The author who once, carrying the manuscript of his first novel, stood hesitatingly across the street from Scribner's publishing house and "couldn't force" himself into its "rush and importance," and so turned away. To those even who pick their way along the margins only of the road which he is following, it must come as the chanced-upon description of long familiar places to hear him speak of his absorption in words, in sentences, at all hours of the day; of his aloofness from the material incidents around him; of the delusion of that "freedom" which the world so blandly ascribes to the slave of letters—"practically fixed in a chair, in a closed room, for the rest of life." Amen.

One learns things about "The Three Black Pennys," about "Java Head," about "Balisand." One understands, here and there, just a little of how they came to be; one realizes, suddenly, their significance, not only as products of that passion for imaginative writing, but also as volumes in which, with that other passion for fine historic detail, has been preserved the whole spirit of early American days; as national chronicles in the preparation of which even Mr. Hergesheimer's authorship is no more fortunate a circumstance than his contribution as the curator of America's past.

And so one must return to the Dower House with something more than an appreciation of its early American grace and dignity, for "from the first I had been aware of its immaterial but strong influence, but later it had come to dominate my thought and writing. . . . Now I'd never again go out of a traditional America for a subject. . . . In retrospect I could trace the course of this. . . . The 'Three Black Pennys' and 'Tubal Cain' and the 'Dark Fleece,' 'Java Head.'. . . The 'Early Americana' and 'Balisand.' . . . a deep and persistent habit of spirit and scene. A scene and spirit contemporaneous with the Dower House. . . . It would seem, in a way, that the Dower House was the actual author of my books. . . . It became my background and gave me my being."

Splendid gifts from an old house.

Bibliophilia

THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD, AND OTHER PAPERS. By A. EDWARD NEWTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

MR. NEWTON is a prosperous Philadelphian on whom the love of old books has cast its mellowing moonlight. "The Greatest Book in the World" is the Bible, in particular, King James's version; "The Greatest Little Book in the World," Dickens's "Christmas Carol;" and among its greatest pleasures are a good cigar, an easy chair, and walls covered with rare old volumes of English literature and the works of familiar and friendly authors.

A bibliophile seems to mean a lover of the physical book and probably a collector of rarities, whereas a bookman or book lover does not necessarily imply any such taste. But the bookman has no prejudice against the bibliophile. He admits that that bypath into literature may be trod with profit to the soul, and even that the bibliophile is apt to bring to his literary judgments an admirable definiteness of relation which springs from his kind of approach. But my own approach has always been by the broader road. Just as a library is not a building but a collection of books (and where but in America does it ever mean a building?) so is a book to me not essentially a physical volume but essentially another mind and temperament speaking to mine by the swift and silent symbols of a printed page. Consequently, how it is bound, or when it was printed, or whether a familiar volume from my own shelves or some edition from another man's, all such things are minor matters and incidental issues, not altogether indifferent but not often noticed. The spirit of Hawthorne and Hazlitt, of Chaucer and Carlyle, of Walton and Wordsworth, are the same whatever the date on the title page. Literary history is the history of minds, not of movable types; of writers, not of printers and binders. One may be an absorbed booklover all his life and care very little for the book collector's absorptions, and many a noted collector has but poor relations with literature. The two are neither inseparable nor incompatible. Johnsonians such as Austin Dobson, Professor Tinker, and Mr. Newton are learned and enthusiastic after Johnson bibliography without injury to their knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, the essential Johnson; but Johnson himself was no bibliophile.

Therefore those who love wholly or mainly the spirit of books, and those who love also, or even mainly, its physical habitations have no quarrel with each other and can exchange appreciations without acrimony. A bookman may remark that the essays of a bibliophile are apt to be genial in tone and positive in taste; and these are literary values. Mr. Newton's essays have these values. He successfully conveys himself, and is worth conveying. The values of literature are not all personality; but the fact of impersonal values does not lessen the value of personality in literature. Aside from a "style" of whose magic and mysterious alchemy these essays are quite innocent, they have no style—personality may get into literature by virtue of an instinct for candor. If you would be interesting, speak out. Most of us can only seem well balanced, judicious and impartial by not speaking out, for our real opinions are compact of prejudices and our wisdom is full of holes as a tea strainer. By cloaking ourselves in cautious generalities we may hide our frailties, but so much the less shall we write interesting essays.

* * *

In the essay called "Are Comparisons Odious?" Mr. Newton says that a proposal to cancel the Allied debts was made "by the Honorable James M. Beck, and generally applauded—but Mr. Wilson constitutionally unable to see good in any idea which did not originate with himself," killed the plan so honorably proposed and applauded. On which no doubt a Wilsonian would ironically comment, "For example, the plan of a League of Nations, which originated with certain leaders of the other party and was dropped by them when Mr. Wilson saw good in it." But what then? Who is the worse for an exchange of crusty prejudices? Who ever disliked Dr. Johnson for disliking Whigs and growling at Scotchmen? He is human and a personality, vividly mirrored in certain books. Mr. Newton is human and a personality who, without any gift of style has yet the gift of walking expressively into print. Not everyone can do that. His liking for all that touches Johnson is one of many reasons for my liking him. He thinks the English a more polite people than the French. It has often seemed so to me. He thinks the greatest little book in the world is Dickens's "Christmas Carol." That seems to me quite absurd. Looking along the walls of his ideal library—"there are my Sterne and Fielding and Dickens and Dumas—and not a Russian among them, thank God!" I sometimes feel that way, too, in certain reactionary moods, when sunshine and reasonable sequence in books, the gusto of life and the thrill of action, seem especially rare and appetizing. He dislikes Russian dancing also, and holds in happiest memory the old music hall ditty and clog dance. Some of us would find difficulty in getting the two near enough together for a preference.

But there is no hestitation of preference over writing less positive, candid, and personal for an essay like "London in the Eighteen Eighties" in which the memory of old actors and long silent songs is revived with such genuine joy.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by Time, Inc., Briton Hadden, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-president, Henry R. Luce, Secretary-Treasurer, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. Editorial offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II, No. 23.

Copyright, 1925, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disraeli: Man and Statesman

DISRAELI: ALIEN PATRIOT. By [illegible] MOND. New York: George H. Doran [illegible] $4.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

SOME years ago Mr. E. T. Raymond published the first of what has turned out to be a series of volumes on English prime ministers, in the form of a volume on Mr. Lloyd George, one of the most entertaining accounts of that entertaining man which has yet appeared. It was followed by another on Lord Rosebery, a subject somewhat less entertaining either as a man or a book. It is now followed by a study of Disraeli, who, it might be assumed, was a peculiarly appropriate subject for the brilliant writing of this accomplished journalist. Oddly enough, in the opinion of one reader at least, this volume with all of its undoubted cleverness seems somewhat less entertaining than the first, in spite of its subject. It may be that the farther Mr. Raymond gets from his own times, the worse for that peculiarly enjoyable note he struck in his Lloyd George. That may be merely a matter of taste. It may be that readers to whom Lloyd George and Disraeli are equally distant may find the one as good as the other.

But in one respect at least Mr. Raymond is at a disadvantage in his most recent contribution. He is forced to rely upon the words of others, notably on those of Disraeli's latest biographers, Monypenny and Buckle, for the greater part of his material. He has not had the advantage of seeing and hearing and knowing the subject of his study. There is, then, not so much of that first fine flavor of first hand knowledge, not the touch which only that knowledge brings, not the atmosphere of immediate reality, which made his Lloyd George so notable a performance. It is too much like an abridgment of Monypenny and Buckle.

* * *

Not that such an abridgment of that monumental work is not highly desirable. It is always questionable whether in a busy world six stout volumes on any man are not too many. Nor is this a dull book. It is hard to write a dull book about Disraeli, who, whatever else he was, was at least not dull; nor is Mr. Raymond a dull writer. Indeed few men alive are more capable of brilliant and sustained interest. He is an admirer of the great Hebrew conjurer, yet, as most such admirers are, a somewhat qualified admirer. His book is distinctly favorable—as favorable as any reasonably dispassionate study can be. It tends even to gloss over its less creditable episodes. It stresses cleverness as an excuse for some things which Disraeli's most ardent followers would be glad to forget. It emphasizes the extremely doubtful thesis that Disraeli's reputation is growing, while at the same time it admits that most of his policies were, or are being, discredited, that is to say that his ascendancy was one of personality rather than of principle, of expediency rather than of right, as tested by experience. It notes his amazing ignorance of certain matters, chief of all, perhaps, of those fundamental characteristics of the British mind which he exploited to the utmost without sharing in them. With all his "patriotism" he was, and he remained to the end, essentially an "alien."

He was, in fact, essentially an Oriental. Mr. Raymond records, and of the Orientals essentially a Jew. He was a confirmed romancer. He not only carried his knowledge as a politician into the field of literature, he carried his talents as a novelist into the field of politics, and if his stories gained from his political information, his policies and practices did not suffer any loss of romantic interest from his skill in fiction.

It may be, as Mr. Raymond observes, that his novels will be regarded more highly as the fame of his statesmanship recedes. It may be, as he further alleges, that no small part of his fame even now rests upon his consideration to men of letters in his own day, and their successors will be as tender of his reputation as their eighteenth century predecessors were of the reputations of the statesmen who favored them then. Yet it may be observed that neither Tennyson nor Carlyle was willing to accept honors at his hands.

On the whole it is difficult to see how Mr. Raymond could have written a better book on such a subject at such a time as this. And it is not inappropriate to quote his final verdict to perceive the tone and measure of his work.

> Let all are of these great men in a moment of mad frankness seem to declare that he whom they were praising was the most unquestionable genius of his age among the statesmen of England, but that the fame of his practical statesmanship would be dim long before his qualities as a writer and thinker had been fully recognized; that he was the strangest mixture of prophet and comedian; that his make-believes and insincerities though they were many were superficial, and that his honesty was fundamental; that he served England as well as she allowed him; that he learned to love England, but could never feel for her as son feels for mother; that he had always an imperfect sympathy with the part which he led, and indeed with the party system itself; that he had proved himself in most respects a man of honor and fine feeling, but in all respects a Jew—if this had been said, everybody would have been profoundly shocked, but something near the truth would have been told.

"Max" Nods and Recovers

OBSERVATIONS. By MAX BEERBOHM. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925.

WE TAKE two exceptions to the most recent work of Max, the Incomparable. We resent the plethoric Uncle Sam he has drawn in several of his latest cartoons, with dear old John Bull as the pathetic Poor Relation or as the creditor of France crowded to the wall by his more grasping rival. These particular interpretations savour of disingenuousness and English sentimentality—toward England—diseases which have heretofore but rarely afflicted this master of the laughing line. We resent also his mythical American ladies wooing the hallowed Wales.

A nation's financial obligations are a nation's financial obligations, no more and no less. As for dear old John Bull pleading with Jonathan that he be "a bit chatty-like" with him on the street sometimes,—it is to laugh! Three-fourths of the American public are only too ready, as it is, to play Alice to England's "Ben Bolt," at least in so far as laughing with delight if Albion deigns to smile. And we had rather Mr. Beerbohm had misconceived certain American hosts than (rather coarsely) the hospitable, if foolish, American hostess. That is the least there is to say.

So much for our strictures. They are mildly couched, because our admiration for the truly international Max, as an artist and an essayist, is extreme. It rises indeed to enthusiasm as we regard some of the "various persons and ideas" of this new volume.

"Civilization and the Industrial System" is a cartoon that poses deliciously the chief problem of the Age. Swinburne and Jowett, "silent upon a peak," Mr. De la Mare gaining inspiration, Mr. Baldwin seeing Something, the portrait of Mr. Lytton Strachey, "Recurrent Alarms," Mr. Clement Shorter to Mr. Alexander Nelson Hood,—such drawings as these are inspirations. As for the second section of the book, "The Old and The Young Self," it furnishes exquisite entertainment. We single out for particular mention Mr. Edmund Gosse's Young Self rushing at his Old Self with the piping cry, "Are You Saved?," Mr. Kipling's Young Self scampering into his throned and laurelled Old Self with, "I *say*! Have you heard the latest about Mrs. Hauksbee?," the Young and Old selves of Mr. Wells, Mr. Moore, Mr. Baring, Joseph Conrad, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Shaw, confronting each other.

The Young and Old Self idea is a sublime one, triumphantly executed. It is one of the wittiest things done in our day. Take the Young and Old Self of Mr. Lloyd George,—take the very curious plight of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby! Oh, take any of them!

Max's dedication to Edmund Gosse is a thing of peculiar beauty. Seldom have we read a tribute so graceful. What an admirable present is this book of masterly drawings for the great man of letters, who yet possesses, avers Max, a proper "admixture of levity and devilry!" It is, for the most part, a volume of the rarest humor of our time, revealing an intelligence sharp as a misericord. The *coup de grâce* to pretension was never more dexterously given. And this merciful dagger of graphite has impaled some gorgeous lepidoptera!

Carburetor Handbook

THE CARBURETOR HANDBOOK. By ERNEST W. KNOTT. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons. 1925. $3.

Reivewed by WILLIAM MCFEE

IT is a remarkable reflection upon modern American life that nobody, save automotive experts, is interested in carburetor design. That is to say, nobody save technical engineers pays any attention to economy. This reviewer, in the course of an article written for a business magazine not long ago, had occasion to comment upon the amazing extravagance of Americans in their daily transportation. Few of us have to go many blocks before we discover a neighbor with a car as large as an express locomotive, developing perhaps seventy horsepower, which will use a gallon of gas to take the owner's wife to the drug store for a soda. It is no exaggeration to say that economy of running is not a selling point. The word may be incorporated in the publicity, but it is only a pious sentiment. The general public is more interested in balloon tires, voluptuous upholstery, and shining hardware.

In England, whence came this excellent little volume on carburetors, the interest in economy of consumption is almost a passion. It might be described as an outdoor sport. To read the testimonials to some particular carburetor in the English automobile magazines, one would imagine the English motorist was incessantly preoccupied with the performance of his engine. He is able in many cases to control the admission of fuel to the motor from the dash. He avails himself of that facility. And since this book is written for the average motorist it is plain that in England the average motorist is more familiar with the mechanism of his car than his American cousin. His car is his hobby.

* * *

There are reasons for this. The American car is an utterly standardized contraption, turned out often at the rate of thousands per day, and is therefore an unromantically reliable affair. It takes you there and it brings you back. There is nothing for the American maker to do, now that his product has become so simple in operation and so surely dependable, save to invoke the aid of artist designers and give it some of the lustrous beauty of a tropical bird or insect. Eventually this will be the only way in which we will be able to differentiate it from any other car. And when you are the owner of a resplendent vehicle which floats silently like a gigantic azure moth through the summer night, it is difficult to concentrate upon mechanical details or to take an interest in the delicate but invisible apparatus which controls the fuel supply.

In England the process of development has been modified by numerous factors. There is less standardization, less money, less facility for duplication. The light economical car is a highly considered affair. To the American it is an inconvenient affliction after the huge powerful vehicles of his native land. It is a question of relative resources. The Englishman, Frenchman, or Italian simply has not the money to spend on unlimited transportation, and any new contrivance in carburetors which will effect an economy of fuel has an instant claim on his interest. Hence the present volume.

More than fifty different types of carburetors are described here, and the reviewer is moved to wonder and admiration at the indefatigable ingenuity revealed by the designers in their attempts to achieve the maximum efficiency and economy of fuel. Many of course, are of American origin. And it is quite possible that within the memory of us now living, the conditions of life may change to a degree when gasoline supplies will run low or perhaps bank accounts will dwindle, and the American motorist will turn away from the modern gas-eating mastodons and develop a real and heartfelt interest in carburetors, fuel-economisers, and some yet undiscovered contrivances for atomizing the fuel. Only when public interest focusses on a thing does it begin to improve. We may yet, under economic pressure, discover a carburetor that will, with a multiple-cylinder engine, deliver a hundred miles to the gallon. In the meanwhile a study of this clearly written handbook shows us the actual accomplishments of the automotive profession.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Prodigal Son Come Home

ISRAEL. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Joel Blau

WELL, the Prodigal Son, child of the East, nursling of the west, has come home. He has gone up the lost trail of his Semitic soul and found the pleasant place by the shores of the Jordan. He has tried the way "upstream" on all the rivers of the world, but at last he learned that Amanah and Parpar are not as excellent as the ancient river which, according to Heine, is the inlet of Jewish tears. And who will not gladly welcome the returned prodigal?

This prodigal, at all events, would take no chances on the sort of welcome he might expect. Unlike the ancient Prodigal in that beautiful tale told by his people (the greatest story-telling people in the world), he does not come contrite and broken, but with a triumphant gesture and uplifted head, with a verve and vim that are Western rather than Eastern; and again, unlike his prototype and predecessor, he provides his own song and dance for his reception. And as for the fatted calf—the treat lies before us in the shape of a book written by himself, in which he records his journey "out of the West" (both physically and spiritually) toward and into the East.

As for the brother or brothers of the Prodigal Son, who have "ever been in the Father's House," no complaint shall pass their lips. Even though in this book there was nothing new, nothing they had not said over and over again without the accompaniment of the literary *éclat* that drums through its pages, they would smile indulgently and admit that Rediscovery hath greater charms than Discovery, allowing quite generously that in this sort of charm this book, or tract, or Confession, abounds.

* * *

Race has its subtle nemesis. But we all of the House of Israel, who have not been caught by the lure of unholy assimilation, are grateful to Lewisohn for telling the world that the revenge of race is sweet not only to the race but to him upon whom this revenge is inexorably wreaked. Sweet is the return to the bosom of Abraham; and Ludwig Lewisohn, cultural cosmopolite, is the right person to tell us that. It takes an assimilationist to catch an assimilationist. He has run the whole gamut of assimilation; he can tell us how it feels: its aridity, its hopelessness, its futility. And so we chortle with glee reading that "assimilation is bankrupt." In no book has the game of assimilation been given away with such complete frankness and thundering emphasis as in this. There is something primal residing in, at, or very near the vital sources, which, call it by any name you please, resists the processes of assimilation and visits with a fearful requital the disobedient and disloyal.

"We are a people," Lewisohn reiterates with the delight of a child who has just discovered it knows how to say "mamma." And, because we are a people, with a long history neither violence nor benevolence can tear out of our heart—neither autocracy nor democracy—therefore assimilation is a foregone failure. There is no escaping the self; and the self of the Jew is, of course, Jewish. Only, in the case of the Jew there are complications due to the world-wide scattering of the tribes. A dilemma is created in the body as in the soul of the Jewish people—the Kiplingesque dilemma of East and West. There is a division between the eastern majority and western minority of the Jewish people, these twain being set apart by geography not alone but chiefly by temper and outlook; but, what is worse, East and West quarrel in the soul of the individual Jew. Shall he, child of the East and nursling of the West, remain Oriental and exclusive or become occidental and cosmopolitan?

* * *

No process of assimilation, no mere political emancipation, avers Lewisohn, which is anyhow insincere and offers but a "second-class citizenship," can answer to this dilemma and resolve it. For this dilemma means that the so-called Jewish problem is neither social nor political but cultural and spiritual. Its core is: How to save the cultural integrity of the scattered Jewish people? It is by this road that Lewisohn reaches the familiar answer—Zionism. A cultural centre, with no political aspiration after power, where the Jew might creatively release his faculties, at the same time drawing into his life all the cultural contributions of the world which he would absorb without being absorbed by them, where the Jew might express himself in multifarious ways *but always as a Jew:* such is Lewisohn's answer to the old puzzle. It is, as those familiar with the ideology of Zionism will readily recognize, Ahad Ha-Am (Asher Ginsberg) done in Lewisohn.

Here Lewisohn's theories about the "master-state" come in, considerably to modify his Zionist program. In this brief review the matter cannot be gone into at greater detail. There remains but to say that if the assimilationist will shrink from Lewisohn's conclusions, the average blue-and-white Zionist will find little comfort in Lewisohn's pale and rather vaguely formulated "cultural state," whose function seems to be to resign all power for itself while yielding to the power exercised by the Mandatory.

* * *

It would be interesting, also, to give a picture of the Jew that Lewisohn drew. He appears pretty much a superman. He writes a better German than the native Teuton; a better English than the well-authenticated Nordic one-hundred percenter. He is the only non-pagan, civilized, pacific creature on earth, a creature all intellect, at his lowest still redeemed by something prophetic in him. Conscientious Jews will be the first mildly to object to this idealization of the Jew. They could base the Jew's claims not on any fancied superiority but on the Jew's ineluctible humanity. The Jewish people does not wish to be regarded as the one saint in a company of sinners.

Newcomers

I.

GERTRUDE STEIN

THE writings of Gertrude Stein stand a massive doorpost in the entrance to the latest American literature. Her use of words which for a decade exhilarated the newspaper mind, has opened a way before the new writers and made them dare. What they have dared adds every year to Miss Stein's significance. The new period of poetry and prose is relativistic in nature. Words are not realities for Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Alfred Kreymborg, Waldo Frank, Marianne Moore. Recognition of the relativity of language, its competency to communicate only what lies between the thinking mind and the objects present to it, underlies the work of a rush of newcomers. The location of the field of poetry in the floating space between the poet and the object brought into relation to him in the quick movement, has become incalculably productive of the many individual voices which make the literary situation exciting. The very growth of the personal democratic literature not in imitation but in the intention of Walt Whitman comes largely from the identification of the poem as the interaction of the poet and the thing before him. Invitation to precisely the individual rhythm, the inner life of the artist, is the great effect of the revolutionary orientation.

* * *

It bars all formulae. In this joyous condition of union with the object before him, what is unreflectively known to the artist is a potentiality established within himself, a pattern of the emotions, a suite of involuntary attitudes. In bodying forth this blind musical state, he is impelled to produce very directly his own experience, to make his fundamental responses to life, and express the universal element with which he works in harmony. The quick movement, never identical, places all facts in solution and bids the artist reconstruct them. And while certain of the new men, Sherwood Anderson in particular, have acknowledged the support and direction upon the new pathway gotten from the woman who initiated for English, and has practiced and doggedly pursued relativistic literary form all her career; and while others have acknowledged it tacitly by adopting her ideas and even incorporating entire sentences into their proper works; all the newer writers, and not only the Americans, but Joyce of Dublin and the young dadas in Paris as well, owe part of their present position to what the dumb grotesque of the journalists first felt, and massively held in words.

The age's sense of the primacy of rhythm organized the new way of writing first used and relentlessly developed by Gertrude Stein, in her the feeling of slow movement in an almost static universe. In the world focussed by her art opposed states succeed one another, drowsy, regular, and monotonous in their alternation. It is a cosmos experiencing a periodic exaltation and depression of ponderous physical forces returning so fixedly to a point of departure that in the drugged circling no advance is apparent. Matter lies mountainous, impersonal, brutal, not to be budged. Perhaps this American woman's sense of the primacy of rhythm was speeded by the radicalism of Cézanne electrifying the Parisian air around her in the 1900's. In Cézanne's painting as in the painting of her friends, Matisse and Picasso, the combination of movement and of poise is indirectly revealed the artists' chief concern, and Miss Stein's essays on the paintings of Matisse and Picasso, introduced together with their art to the American public by *Camera Work* in 1912, show how directly the impulse toward an emotional combination and correlation of the parts of literature came from them to her. It could not have come had some consciousness of the basic rôle of rhythm not been present in her, and evident to her interchangeably in the sounds and shapes of words, and in people and all life. Her use of words reveals personal integral feeling not of their sensuous charm, but of their physical movement and direction, their weight or lightness, their positive or indefinite effects. The ordinary words have feelings of stone and lead for her, or movements of flying and gliding, or qualities of explosiveness or qualities of stability; and she has marshalled them in accordance with her feeling, to stand positive, massive, and solemn in combination, bricks in a wall and Hebrews in company. They come slowly, carried by a rhythm almost slack, in phrases often repeated, legendary in tone, sustained for a breath and then dropped, and picked up and dropped again, speedless for interminable stretches, giving the feeling of mountainous volumes. If relative excitement sometimes seizes them and slaps them faster and faster on each other, the climax is low and brief, and the firm, stolid, tireless march left to resume.

She feels an identical rhythm in people, hears it by listening against objects and by listening to what they do to the hearer in the way a medical genius might auscultate a body and feel the individual balance and coördination of its organs; a rhythm in which the sexual rhythm is merely an episode; a counterplay and adjustment of fundamental impulses; a permanent relation of the object to the universal element which works through it. This rhythm, like the rhythm of words, is felt as massive, slow, fixed, the passive movement of the pond lily floating on the rippling surface and inalienably fixed to its roots. It is heard through static half piffling and half tragical lives, through women whose existences are a series of brilliant beginnings and sudden evaporations; women who lose a lifetime in freeing themselves from family fixations; old maid sisters housing drearily together and circling slowly about their relation to each other; servant girls going through life without heads, serving, wasting themselves, perishing.

* * *

The effort to give form to these feelings by bringing the word and the states sensed in people together, has led Miss Stein to an ever more uncompromising relativism, to the use of the word as a simple integer of rhythm. How large and substantial the success of her experiment in the relativistic literary forms has been, cannot yet be estimated, for the reason that her work is known only in part. She has made her contribution with the bulk of her manuscripts stored about her in her studio in Paris; and exerted great influence despite gross mismanagement. The least interesting and complete of her books, "Tender Buttons," exploited for the purposes of sensationalism by some foolish friends, made her known, or better, ren-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dered her obscure; and both she and [illegible] of her art paid heavily for the poo[illegible] is already evident that she is an [illegible] Numbers of her saurian compositions ar[illegible] incomplete, as others are formed, dens[illegible] and moving with profound experienc[illegible] tration of hidden human truth. Most [illegible] bal structures of "Tender Buttons," and [illegible] the unlyrical, humoristic "poems" and "[illegible] "Geography and Plays," suggest themselves as products of the boredom, resentment, [illegible] feeling they awaken; and others appear experiments in the unhappy "automatic writing" favored by the younger dadas about her.

It is equally evident that work of hers is part of American literature, and that before the younger writers gave her a place in profiting by the new form, she had established it massively. Relativistic writing exists in her work in three satisfying stages of development. The first, embodied in "Three Lives," balances language used in the interests of description with language used primarily for the purposes of communicating the direct feeling of things, the rhythmical pattern created in the poet by the object. The information given about Melanctha, the protagonist of the best of these early pathetic novelettes, assists the sound, the feel, the rhythmical play and repetition of words communicating the tragic discordances of impulse present in the being of the wandering. girl Possibly because the author's attack was still indirect and inexpert, and her surfaces broken, the art at the first stage leaves only blurred outlines in the mind. Yet the deep grasp of motives and character manifest in the play of impulse and the Beethoven movement of the prose give an immediate, dense, serenely resigned feeling of life.

* * *

The second stage, clearer in its technique, is represented by the just published fifteen year old novel "The Making of Americans,"* indubitably the most monumental fiction to be given since the publication of "Ulysses;" by the charming short stories "Ada," "Miss Furr and Miss Skeene," "A Family of Perhaps Three," and by some of the essays (Matisse, Picasso, Italians). This stage sharply subordinates the informative, symbolical rôle of the word. What the word stands for, merely permits the author a point of contact with the reader. For their real meaning the stories rely almost entirely upon their sonata-like suites of rhythms, their slow oppositions of states of being, and the effect of the often repeated, slightly varied vocabularies; and sometimes, as in the tale of what went on in the cultivated life of Miss Furr, "cultivating quite a pleasant voice" in a place "where some were cultivating something, voices and other things worth cultivating," the meaning is well nigh independent of the sign-situation. Adverbs expressing indefinite place and time grow thick. And the third and present style, at its firmest in the portraits of Mabel Dodge and Constance Fletcher, and in some of the geographical essays, dispenses entirely with the symbolical function of language, and relies exclusively on its emotive one. The words are used entirely for their tonal and associational qualities. If a certain number of words symbolically related to the subject are included, it is merely for the purpose of binding the experience together and supplying a key. It is with a superb logic that this stage of the development of Miss Stein's way of writing has focussed the ridicule of the newspaper minds. A literature resembling, with a grotesque superficiality, her massive, often sonorous aggregations of words used for their powerful gestures and positive clangors, is to be found each morning in the seried columns of the daily prints; and is differentiated from hers only by the slight circumstances that the journalists use words for their detonations and sensuous effects under the illusion that they are communicating facts about things with them, while she uses them consciously for their emotivity, and with the cleanness and creative infectiousness of the artist. It is as such she is about to be generally recognized. Not all newcomers are first-bookmen. Some are artists to whom the world is a little slow in coming.

PAUL ROSENFELD

*The Making of Americans. By Gertrude Stein. Paris: Three Mountains Press. 1925.

The Bowling Green

WHEN gravelled for lack of matter there are always two writers—both parsons, as it happens—on whose bosoms I recline, Thomas Fuller and John Donne. It was far from Fuller's thought, when he wrote "The Holy State" (1642) that approaching three centuries later his essays would serve as a stop-gap for a journalist who, in the exigency of Christmas week, found himself with many errands to perform and no thoughts of his own decently sifted for ink. But after years of waiting I have got (from the excellent Mr. Edgar Wells of 41 East 47 Street) a first edition of the coveted Fuller; and my pride in this is greater than any merely journalistic shame for having nought to say for myself. There would be no New Year's resolution wiser than always to reprint something of Fuller's when one had no urgent concern of one's own to ventilate.

* * *

Like every one else, I have sometimes dreamed of the fun to be had if one could build a house of one's own, according to a personal scheme of what a home should be. This is only an idle and toying vision, I dare say; but for the profit of all who are interested in such matters I have chosen this particular one of Fuller's wisdoms; it gives a pleasant taste of his terseness and charm.

* * *

OF BUILDING

By THOMAS FULLER (1642)

He that alters an old house is tied as a translatour to the originall, and is confin'd to the phancie of the first builder. Such a man were unwise to pluck down good old building, to erect (perchance) worse new. But those that raise a new house from the ground are blame-worthy if they make it not handsome, seeing to them Method and Confusion are both at a rate. In building we must respect Situation, Contrivance, Receipt, Strength, and Beauty. Of Situation.

Chiefly choose a wholesome aire. For aire is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore it need be good. Wherefore great men (who may build where they please, as poore men where they can) if herein they preferre their profit above their health, I referre them to their Physicians to make them pay for it accordingly.

Wood and water are two staple commodities where they may be had. The former I confesse hath made so much iron, that it must now be bought with the more silver, and grows daily dearer. But 'tis as well pleasant as profitable to see a house cased with trees, like that of Anchises in Troy.

The worst is, where a place is bald of wood, no art can make it a periwig. As for water, begin with Pindars beginning, "L'pictov mev udwp." The fort of Gogmagog Hills nigh Cambridge is counted impregnable but for want of water, the mischief of many houses where servants must bring the well on their shoulders.

Next a pleasant prospect is to be respected. A medly view (such as of water and land at Greenwich) best entertains the eyes, refreshing the weary beholder with exchange of objects. Yet I know a more profitable prospect, where the owner can onely see his own land round about.

A fair entrance with an easie ascent gives a great grace to a building: where the Hall is a preferment out of the Court, the Parlour out of the Hall; not (as in some old buildings) where the doores are so low Pygmies must stoop, and the rooms so high that Giants may stand upright. But now we come to Contrivance.

Let not thy common rooms be severall, nor thy severall rooms be common. The Hall (which is a Pandocheum) ought to lie open, and so ought Passages and Stairs (provided that the whole house be not spent in paths). Chambers and Closets are to be private and retired.

Light (Gods eldest daughter) is a principall beauty in a building: yet it shines not alike from all parts of Heaven. An East-window welcomes the infant beams of the Sun, before they are of strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. A South-window in summer is a chimny with a fire in't, and needs the schreen of a curtain. In a West-window in summer time towards night, the Sun grows low and over familiar with more light than delight. A North-window is better for Butteries and Cellars, where the beere will be sower for the Suns smiling on it. Thorow-lights are best for rooms of entertainment, and windows on one side for dormitories. As for Receipt,

A house had better be too little for a day than too great for a yeare. And it's easier borrowing of thy neighbour a brace of chambers for a night, then a bag of money for a twelvemonth. It is vain therefore to proportion the receipt to an extraordinary occasion, as those who by overbuilding their houses have dilapidated their lands. As for Strength,

Country-houses must be Substantives, able to stand of themselves. Not like City-buildings supported by their neighbours on either side. By strength we mean such as may resist Weather and Time, not Invasion, Castles being out of date in this peaceable age. As for the making of motes round about, it is questionable whether the fogs be not more unhealthful, then the fish brings profit, or the water defence. Beauty remains behind as the last to be regarded, because houses are made to be lived in—not lookt on.

Let not the Front look asquint on a stranger, but accost him right at his entrance. Uniformity also much pleaseth the eye; and 'tis observed that free-stone, like a fair complexion, soonest waxeth old, whilest brick keeps her beauty longest.

Gardens also are to attend in their place. When God planted a garden Eastward, he made to grow out of the ground every tree pleasant to the sight, and good for food. Sure he knew better what was proper to a garden then those, who nowadayes therein only feed the eyes, and starve both tast and smell.

To conclude, in Building rather believe any man than an Artificer in his own art for matter of charges, not that they cannot but will not be faithfull. Should they tell thee all the cost at the first, it would blast a young Builder in the budding, and therefore they sooth thee up till it hath cost thee something to confute them. The spirit of Building first possessed people after the floud, which then caused the confusion of languages, and since of the estate of many a man.

* * *

Having taken the trouble to copy all this, with a private orison to the printer to follow Fuller's spellings, it occurs to me that I could advance specious reasons for the reprinting. For never anywhere did the "spirit of Building" more possess people than here and now; and as there is no art in which America is more justly alert than architecture there may be some who will con the old gentleman's notes with interest. He is delightful on whatever he touches, with the specially nipping candor that seemed to be native to seventeenth century divines. I often wish that some learned bibliophile would tell me whether "The Holy State" and "The Profane State" are accessible in any modern edition? I have never found one, and perhaps I ought to go ahead with my secret ambition, which is to edit a little volume of the best of his nuggets. He was one of the most charming of English essayists.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Maurice Genevoix has been awarded the Goncourt prize for 1925 for his novel "Raboliot." M. Genevoix served with distinction as an infantry officer, and many of his books are about his war experiences.

"Raboliot" is the story of a poacher and his struggles with the police, in which the writer symbolizes the conflict between the principles of authority and disorder.

The Goncourt prize is the most sought among the awards of the French Academy, establishing the literary reputation and usually the financial fortune of the winner.

The Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse, another coveted literary prize which is awarded on the same day as the Goncourt, was given to Joseph Deltheil for his "Jeanne d'Arc," a work which has excited great controversy because of its daring.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sea Books

BLUE WATER

By

A. S. Hildebrand

The record of a cruise from Glasgow to Constantinople in a 54 ft. yawl.

"It is as care-free a tale of true adventuring as I have ever come across."

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

Illustrated, $3.00

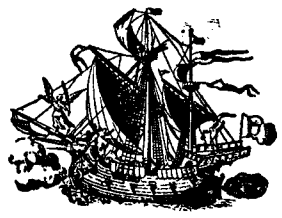
The Lookoutman

By

David W. Bone

Captain Bone writes of the romance of the sea of today. He takes up each type of ship afloat and describes it so acccurately that his book serves all the purposes of a guide book.

Illustrated, $2.50



MAGELLAN

By

A. S. Hildebrand

"An old story imaginatively and brilliantly retold."

—*American Mercury.*

"One biography like Mr. Hildebrand's is worth a hundred."

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Illustrated, $2.75

UNDER SAIL

By

Felix Riesenberg

An account of Captain Riesenberg's first voyage, in 1898, as an ordinary seaman in the sailing-ship *A. J. Fuller* around Cape Horn to Honolulu and return.

Illustrated, $3.00

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

383 Madison, Ave., N. Y.

Books of Special Interest

Aesthetics

THE FOUNDATIONS OF AESTHETICS. By C. K. OGDEN, I. A. RICHARDS and JAMES WOOD. New York: International Publishers. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON

The Modern Quarterly

THE history of æsthetics is disenchantingly replete with vagueness and futility. Arguments over definition of the æsthetic develop into pyrotechnical flares of emotional prejudice, seldom ascending beyond the hopelessness of logomachy. Æsthetic appreciation is as goatishly whimsical as tropical weather. The confusion of metaphysics is scarcely more bewildering and dismal than the racing criss-cross of theories that have been advanced to explain the origin and nature of the beautiful.

In this book "The Foundation of Aesthetics" by Ogden, Wood, and Richards, an attempt is made "not to bring theories into opposition with one another, but by distinguishing them to allow to each its separate sphere of validity." The purpose is excellent, the execution poor. Ambitious in theme, it is superficial and sketchy in treatment. Without attempt at persuasion, except in the pallid presentment of the theory of Synæthesis, the book is minus eloquence or vigor. There is little serious endeavor to interpret æsthetic standards, little valid effort to clarify æsthetic theories by scientific analysis or exposition. Concern with art-theoreticians and their dogmas, on the part of the authors, is sufficient and superficial. There is an abundance of quotation but a paucity of explanation. The only outstandingly genuine and illuminating criticism to be discovered is the consideration of Clive Bell's hypothesis of "significant form" and his search for "some quality common and peculiar to all the objects that provoke this (æsthetic) emotion."

⁂ ⁂

In fairness to the authors let us illustrate our criticism by consideration of one of the chapters. The one on "Social Effects" will provide an excellent example. The chapter, which is but two and a half pages in length, begins with reference to "the peculiar group of uplift doctrines which have emerged from the industrious homes of the late Victorian moralists," mentions the theories of Ruskin, Morris, and Tolstoy in less than fifteen lines, adds neither interpretation nor appraisal, and aside from a Plate omits all discussion of their application. There follow snatchy quotations from Professor Lethaly—"art is best conceived as beneficient Labor which blesses both him who gives and him who receives" — Middleton Murry — the artist "by the rhythm of his own progress becomes more and more a vehicle of the spirit which is forever wrestling with its own materiality"—and Clutton Brock—the beauty of art "is always produced by the effort to accomplish the impossible and what the artist knows to be impossible." If there are consistency and continuity in these quotations in a chapter on "Social Effects" in the Foundations of Aesthetics they must be too esoteric for critical analysis. After these quotations comes another quotation from a poem, the connection of which is difficult to decipher, and a concluding paragraph, declaring, in brief, that "as a post-war phenomenon the chief function of gratulation and homiletic is presumably the promotion of comfortable feeling in the hearts of men of good will, and as such no doubt it has a certain value." A quotation from Baudelaire's "Curiosités Esthetiques" gives the final touch.

This is loose handling of material. It is certainly without value as exposition. Surely it does not advance our understanding of "social effects" or perceptibly widen or intensify our appreciation of the principles of æsthetics.

How a chapter on "Social Effects" or a book on "Foundation of Æsthetics" can be written without a consideration of the social background of art, the social background even of æsthetic criteria and predilections, is hard to understand. Why æsthetic shibboleths vary, why the æsthetic tastes of the eighteenth century were different from those of the nineteenth—certainly such problems cannot be neglected in a treatise on the foundations of æsthetics. Such neglect is evidence of deficient method. Take the origin of æsthetic criteria as discussed by Plechanov or the matter of the landscape as handled by Taine! The landscape, for instance, developed in Italy only at the end of the Renaissance, at the time of its decay. For the French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth century it has no profound meaning. In the nineteenth century this changed. Cities multiplied and enlarged; industrialism drew millions into the confines of congested urban life. Nature, the mountains, the landscape took on a new meaning. They offered a retreat from the compression and artificiality of city life. The landscape, once so ugly to Madame Maintenon, became esteemed for its own sake, painters idealized it, philosophers went to it for stimulation. "The landscape seemed tedious . . . , there was nothing uglier than this mountain for the people of the seventeenth century," wrote Mr. Paul—this same landscape and mountain in the nineteenth century became the source of inspiration.

All of this relationship of æsthetic criteria with social conditions, such a necessary consideration in any foundations of the æsthetic, is omitted. The authors are too consumed with definitions of "states of equanimity and freedom of spirt" to deal with the origins of æsthetic appreciation. Yet a book concerned with "foundations" can scarcely avoid origins; effects become meaningful only through knowledge of their causes.

An English Poet

THE UNKNOWN GODDESS. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

OF the younger English poets who have yet to be granted their fair due of recognition Mr. Humbert Wolfe is one of the most remarkable. Perhaps because of his peculiar but irritating mannerisms—an unsympathetic critic might justifiably call them affectations,—superficial and harmless as they are, the attention of many readers must have been diverted from more vital aspects of his work. Nevertheless it is hard to see how any could escape noticing that Mr. Wolfe has begun to forge for himself a very distinct and personable manner of writing, an incipient style from which spring some engaging virtues.

This new book of poems exploits the mannerisms as well as the manner. In the matter of punctuation Mr. Wolfe declines to fall into line with his peers (to say nothing of his masters): he also refuses to adopt the almost universal English usage by which a poet begins each line with a capital letter. There is no reason why he should not please himself in spite of the fact that he gains nothing by letting such bees hum in his bonnet. But the kind of reader who is most likely to appreciate his poetry is nearly always the kind of reader who will merely revise the eccentric punctuation until it conforms with the familiar. The poet loses some part of our attention by imposing this innocent but extra mental task and arouses a slight irritation by the other noncomformity. Certainly his verse gains nothing either of clearness or vitality for all these tricks. A slightly irritated reader is by no means ideal. The risk is not worth running when a poet has gifts like the very real gifts of Mr. Wolfe. He is wasting his time with trifles. The poetry's the thing.

There is in "The Unknown Goddess" a variety of theme and imaginative experience which tempts a reviewer to speculate upon the author's future. Mr. Wolfe is not yet mature, as his rather boyish mannerisms suggest. But fine things are argued by his firm and delicate touch. He can sometimes fix even the airiest language upon the canvas of reality so that it shows little sign of fading or falling away. When he fails, as, of course, he sometimes must, he fails bravely. He knows how to use some of the oldest poetic material without poaching it from other people:

What joy doth Helen
or Paris have
where these lie still in
a nameless grave?

Not Helen's wonder
nor Paris' stirs
but the bright, untender
hexameters.
And thus, all passion
is nothing made,
but a star to flash in
an Iliad.....

And when he is writing, in the old poet's phrase, all out, like a man; when he lets the verse sing aloud, Mr. Wolfe rises into a finer style:

So heavy is the air that from the strand
the voice of that boy singing hangs and lingers,
as you could take the music in your hand
and drop it note by note, between your fingers.

This is hard, muscular, clean versification, excellent craft; and when Mr. Wolfe finds the themes to suit it he utters some of his best poems. And though his manner is subject to many variations it nearly always carries that air of individuality which is the sign of a good poet. His most dangerous fault at present is a certain tendency to mistake his fancy for his imagination. For each he has a separate kind of treatment and when, as more than once occurs, he uses the manner of one to express the matter of the other a spotted fever falls upon the passage and mars the poem. This and a weakness for themes too slight for his gifts should disappear in the future if Mr. Wolfe is willing to organize his poetry something closer than he has done so far.

A Satire of Today

A FOOL I' THE FOREST. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. London: Allen & Unwin. 1925.

Reviewed by RICHARD CHURCH

EVERY age has its satirists, and it is not likely that the present age may escape, for never were there such opportunities as now for the tired intellectual, or the embittered idealist, to express his disgust for the insane complexities, the sham crusades, the travesties of culture, which are to be found amongst mankind when any particular phase of his civilization is over-ripe. There are, too, so many brilliant men now; educated up to the hilt; bored *in extremis;* men who, to reverse Wordsworth's phrase, have been too much with the world.

Amid such a nest of scorpions, we are likely to become impervious to their venom. Mr. Aldington, however, has a peculiar and more intimate sting, for it is a virus prepared from wounds which he inflicts on himself. There is no satire so potent as that which is barbed with remorse.

The author calls his attack a "Phantasmagoria." It is a very concretely imagined phantasy, and the reader's interest is gripped from the beginning to the end of this long poem. It is written in free verse; but we find also that mocking hexameters creep in, to be jostled in turn by parodies of famous lines, parodies that are as savage and devastating as anything in the book.

There are three characters in the story; I, the protagonist; Mezzetin, the spirit of Imagination; and The Conjuror, who symbolizes the intellectual and quasi-scientific spirit. These three companions go off to Athens, in pursuit of the culture which flourished there in the Golden Days. They sit amid the ruins of the Parthenon; and Mezzetin, that wayward, lovable, irresponsible spirit of joy, wanders off and returns with wine, and a mandoline. Meanwhile the insensitive Conjuror, with that sort of nouveau-richeness of the mind, which marks the pedant, discourses like a hired guide on "the splendor that was Greece," giving copious quotations. The response of Mezzetin is to strum ragtime on his mandoline, and to pour out the wine. Then evening falls, and Mezzetin sings

The Evening Star that Sappho saw
And Shelley after Plato sang
Droops over London like a tattered flower;
Incense of petrol and of burning coal
Rises to the thrones of Heaven,
Sniffed and snuffled by ungrateful gods.
Pursued by angry bishops out of breath,
The lovers kiss and murmur on the grass,
Defying vermin sacred or terrene.
The star that smiles upon the Parthenon
Glares over London like a carbuncle. . . .

Night comes on, and the hero sleepily contrasts his vision of the classic days with that of his own time; while Mezzetin intersperses his poignant irrelevancies, in the manner of the traditional inspired idiot. Then the Conjuror wakes up, and after sermonizing again, rushes off to France.

There, in a world of war, the Conjuror is in his element. He bustles about, and works up a tremendous efficiency. It was through his inability to grapple with the cruel realities of the war, however, that Mezzetin is killed. So dies the Imagination, the force of poetry, freedom, and mirth. The hero, horrified and broken by his loss, is brought home by the Conjuror.

Arrived home, the Conjuror tries to "buck him up", and vows "to make a man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

of him again". But the brooding hero wanders about, becoming more and more alienated from the life of after-war London, unable to settle down because some *inbred scepticism destroyed all my flair*. But the Conjuror dogs him, until one night, mad with rage, he flings the obtuse remembrancer over Waterloo Bridge. Then he is left alone; Mezzetin, his soul, his youth and faith, dead in France; and the Conjuror, the intelligence that is unable to cope with modern life, at last destroyed. So, bereft of both his heaven and his hell, he subsides at last to a mundane existence, and we leave him in his suburban home, with wife and children, and only occasional twinges of remembrance, when the

Tinkling of a ghostly mandoline,
Memories of Athens and Naples,
Of a life once vowed to truth and beauty,
Pierce me till I start and gasp in anguish.

On Ideas

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF IDEAS. Vol. II. Edited by the Department of Philosophy of Columbia University. Columbia University Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. CAREY, S. J.

THE first paragraph of the prefatory note to this volume may serve as an introduction to this review. It reads. "In 1918 there appeared under the same title which the present work bears a volume of studies in the history of philosophy expressing 'the desire of those who have been indentified with work in philosophy at Columbia to encourage research and the exercise of historical imagination, and to contribute something to the work being done in this department of human interest.' The present volume marks a continuation of that endeavor."

I should like to outline "historical imagination" as the revealing expression in that note and in the volume under review. For worth while work in the history of philosophy postulates in the historian not the willingness merely, but the ability to enter the mind of his subject through the sometimes narrow entrance of the written word. It assigns him the great but difficult task of reconstructing thought from the inadequacy of language. Consider the distance between mind and mind. Two scholars on the same faculty, of recognized intellectual power, have discussed their differences time and again with the advantages of friendliness and possible instant correction, yet they cannot comprehend one another. Or a man toils to get down unmistakably the notion he has been meditating on for years. He gets other men to help him by the challenge of their minds, conscious none the less, that if his work is considerable, he will be honored by the refutation of opinions presumably from his writings, certainly not from his mind. He is sure to be misunderstood.

The further problem of trying to penetrate the true mind of one who has been dead for years is correspondingly more puzzling. History must, in the first place, furnish the facts outside the field of thought. When possible, home life, masters, and reactions to them must be known, as well as something of that middle period when the thinker builded in his own mind before he spoke. Why first opinions were changed and certain jottings were never published are often important circumstances. In fact the searcher's own rounded knowledge and honest sympathy with the philosopher must be brought to bear on every detail that can make for a true reflection of his life and message.

The makers of this book have worked with these ideals and have worked well. They do not offer a text book rehearsal of the stock ideas about Plato or Hume, nor the jargon of doctrine copied and commented on. The attitude is rather. "I have been reading and thinking on.... for a long time and I believe that we would understand his doctrine more clearly if we paid attention to this point. Let me explain it to you." And the reaction of the reader when he has followed the new road is one of stimulation.

Hume's own attitude, toward Universal Skepticism for instance, is found to be slightly different from popular belief. William James was not always as cer- [illegible] mind as many people [illegible] other hand, I, acquainted with St. Thomas and Scholasticism, more than once on spots where was able to understand how hard it is for a man to write on Epistemology and Idealism without first hand knowledge of the work done in this field by the followers of Aristotle. (Here is a chance for historical imagination).

Readers may rest for themselves the points I have been making and the diversity of subjects is appealing. There are contributions to thought on Plato and Plotxinus, Descartes and Malebranche, Hume, William James, and the Moral Philosophy of Benjamin Franklin. Other essays consider the problem of metaphysical simplicity, German Idealism and Utilitarianism, and one, the nearest to a light essay, discusses Unwritten Philosophies. In a supplement Professor Dewey reviews American Pragmatism, William James sharing the honors with Charles Sanders Peirce.

It is not necessary to review the opera in detail. Satistfactory notice would require for each as many words as this whole paper since the volume has the unity only of general aim and common binding. Besides the authors almost all differ in approach, and comment without explanation would do them injustice. The volume deserves commendation not because it is entirely free from error or is strikingly new in discovery, but because it does show historical imagination and succeeds admirably in clearing away a little the misunderstandings of the past.

The Tory Party

A HISTORY OF THE TORY PARTY. 1640-1714. By KEITH FEILING. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. $6.

Reviewed by T. J. C. MARTYN

IT IS Mr. Feiling's distinction that he is the first to write a continuous history of the Tory Party. With specific aforethought he has written to provide "an introduction to that history, viewed as a whole," and he hopes to break "here and there some of the ground which is still to be cultivated by students of our political biography: for we are still without modern authoritative biographies of Clarendon, Danby, Shrewsbury, Sunderland, Nottingham, and Harley—to name only men in the first flight." And since, apparently, we may not interject Cromwell, Buckingham, and Monk, it can at least be said that the second flight contains men no less interesting than Edward Seymour, so "full of pride and insolence" that "he could reproach Charles II at his own Council board for 'prevarication' . . ."

The branch of history which the author treats is then political, but like Thucydides, who Macaulay thought was the greatest historian that had ever lived, Mr. Feiling has assumed the rôle of geographer, sociologist, and to a lesser extent philosopher. He has chosen the unilateral theme of Tory history and has stuck to his subject, with occasional illuminating digressions, throughout the swirl of events and the ever-changing tensions of national temper with which the period was filled. It is because of this unity of purpose, which so frequently coalesces with the general history of the period, that the ordinary reader will experience a sense of disappointment at the apparent *lacunæ* which are often encountered, as for example when the tragic fate of Charles I is dismissed with the single reference: "Nor did the King's death unite his supporters." In itself this is testimony to the vital part played by the Tories under the Stuarts, and it is with the Tories and not with the Stuarts that the author is concerned. In turn this makes the book of special and specialized interest; special in that it is circumscribed to party history; specialized in that its appeal is directed to the elder students of the historiographers' union. It is not a book for the casual reader.

The historical threads of the Tory Party are not easily taken up or, once taken up, easily followed. Out of the jumbled confusion of ideas and actions the cause for seven decades of political effervescence was germinated in the religious question and not, as is sometimes stated, in a conscious revolt against Tudor despotism. To persist in this error is, to modernize an old axiom, as bad as putting water in the gas tank and gas in the radiator. The most solid inheritance which Henry VIII and Elizabeth left to the country, as the author well shows, was a Protestant religion, uniquely English, fitting national conceptions of polity and, perhaps more important, English conceptions of Englishmen.

Mr. Feiling makes the point, and it seems a good one, that with the Puritans in the East, the Presbyters in the North, and the Royalists in the south and northwest, there were many traditional ties that held the various faithful true to one great family or policy; but such a statement must be tempered and the author tempers it, by recognition of the period as one of recusancy and political apostasy. There was, to use a paradox, a constant state of flux; Puritans were to be found on both sides of the fence as were the Cavaliers. No group (for in the early days it was impossible to speak of parties) supported Catholics, and no Protestant group countenanced Divine Right.

In describing the complex history of the Tories the author has written a magnificent work and has brought rare judgment and scholarship to bear on his subject. His style has of necessity been cramped, but, unfortunately, there is much unnecessary confusion. The habit of giving dates without the year is annoying and to the most careful of readers Halifax does not distinguish sufficiently the two gentlemen of that name, the Earl and the Marquess; there is also some confusion in following Danby in his upward flight to an earldom, a marquesate, and a dukedom. Condensation can hardly excuse these minor faults; for, and very happily, the author has found time and space enough for digression, as when he tells us that Clarendon's mother never saw London, that, after the Restoration, John Collins petitioned to be made turn-broach in the royal kitchen, while Bridget Rumney asked to be reinstated in the office of "supplying flowers and sweet herbs to the Court."

The real importance of the book can only by gauged by the stimulus it gives to future writers. One can imagine Philip Guedalla more profitably employing his time on the Seven Bishops than on "The Seven Sages," "The Seven Sleepers," or the "Seven Lamps of Liberalism." At present it can be welcomed as the most important and the most scholarly book on the Tory Party that has been written since Macaulay. New ground has certainly been turned up, and it is devoutly to be hoped that it will nourish many a seed sown by genius.

The Arnold Arboretum

AMERICA'S GREATEST GARDEN, THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM. By E. H. WILSON. Boston: Stratford Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by NORMAN TAYLOR
Brooklyn Botanic Garden

MR. WILSON'S book, dealing briefly with the history and, at some length, with the collections at the Arnold Arboretum, scarcely needs more than a note of approbation for its content. But it calls to mind the shortcomings of perhaps the greatest outdoor museum in the world. Professor Sargent and his assistant, the author of the present book, have gathered from the four corners of the earth, shrubs and trees of great rarity and of undeniable beauty. This unrivalled collection, labelled and arranged with skill and taste, has made the Arboretum literally America's Greatest Garden.

Neither the Arboretum, nor this book about it, reflects in the least all that has happened in the world of plants since its inception in 1873. Then and for some years since, botany was the collection of plants, and the naming of them. But for the last twenty years it has so broadened its scope that today what the Arboretum has done so well is to be considered merely as a foundation upon which modern research on plants is reared. The marvelous adjustments of trees and shrubs to their environment; the instrumental study of these; the whole field of tree diseases; the fascinating fossil history of trees—these and many other phases of tree growth, the Arboretum and the present book ignore. To charge either the author or Professor Sargent with unconsciously ignoring them is absurd. That they have done it so completely looks very like a deliberate attempt to keep the Arboretum merely America's Greatest Garden, when it might be so much more.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Occidental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem

By H. G. W. Woodhead, H. K. Norton, and Julean Arnold

Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, editor of the *Pekin and Tientsin Times* and an Englishman of twenty years' residence in China, is particularly concerned with acquainting Western readers with the present status of the Chinese Republic. It is China with her constant civil warfare, her nominal republic, her millions of illiterates, and her financial bankruptcy that he thinks Americans should know about.

Henry Kittredge Norton, business man and publicist, writes of the Russians in the Far East. He tells the long story of Russian-Japanese relations with China, and interprets the new treaties.

Julean Arnold, United States consul or commercial attaché in China since 1902, contributes a chapter on China's economic conditions.

There is a valuable appendix giving biographical sketches of leading figures of modern China: Yuan Shih-Kai, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Feng Yu-Hsiang, Li Yuan-Hung, and others.

$2.00, postpaid $2.10

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5852 Ellis Avenue CHICAGO

Humanism and Tyranny

By Ephraim Emerton

These studies in fourteenth century Italian history trace the beginnings of the struggle between tyranny and humanism, between the principle of authority developed to its highest point in the institutions of the Middle Ages and the working of the free spirit of man that finds its complete expression in the enlightened modern state. The book presents the first investigations of the subject to appear in English and will be of much value to students of history, government, and law. $4.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LES FLEURS DU MAL

The Complete Poems of Charles Baudelaire

Translated by
Lewis Piaget Shanks

The most fascinating and influential of modern French poets is for the first time offered to the American reader, in a complete translation of the "edition critique". The translation catches the very spirit of "The Modern Dante" who has given to poetry what Poe gave to the short story.

$3.00 at all booksellers

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
19 West 44 St. New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD BOOKS

THE USAGES OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION
By H. W. HORWILL

AN authoritative analysis of an important phase of our governmental structure couched in clear language, and written by one with thorough knowledge of the framework of our union and what it is intended to accomplish. A timely and thought-provoking volume. A book for every thinking American.

Net $3.50 at all Bookstores.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
33 W. 32nd Street, New York

Trade Winds

IT WAS a particular pleasure to get a Decabib from an English colleague. Arthur Rogers, of Handysides Arcade, Newcastle-on-Tyne, lists as the books he most enjoys selling:—

The New Road, by *Neil Munro*
Subsoil, by *Charles Marriott*
Plutarch's Lives, translated by *Sir Thos. North*
Peacock's novels
Trent's Last Case, by *E. C. Bentley* ("the finest detective novel written by an Englishman," says Mr. Rogers).
Poems, by *Ralph Hodgson*
Anthology of 17th Century Poetry, *Massingham*
The Lost Lady, by *Willa Cather*
Poems, by *Robert Frost*
Hajji Baba, by *Morier*

It is pleasant to find two American authors in this English Decabib; and specially pleasant, to me, to see Neil Munro and Charles Marriott mentioned. I know of others who believe, as I do, that Neil Munro is the finest romancer Scotland has produced since Stevenson; but are there any other enthusiasts for Marriott, I wonder? I only read one book of his, "Davenport," but always remembered it with applause.

Now that the Christmas season is over, and this bookshop settles down to a long and dusty tranquillity, I amuse myself by reading the back files of the *Publisher's Weekly*. There I find, some months old, an article by Mr. Joseph Lewis French on The Vogue of the Sea Story, which suggests that the new popularity of sea books has come since the end of the war. He does not mention the book that I think really started the revival of interest in sea-stories—Mr. McFee's "Casuals of the Sea." The late Jim Huneker was the first critic to help that book on its way; I remember meeting him at Jack's café one midnight; he said that the publisher had been hounding the life out of him to read this book. "It's printed in very small type and looks almost illegible," he groaned. A few days later he told me that his fears were groundless. "The best first novel I've read in many years, it has a sense of pity." A very good sea book, an account of a voyage in a coal-carrier, "a dirty ship," is "The Bonadventure," by Edmund Blunden.

I am happy to record that there is still a bookshop at 4 Christopher street, as I hope there always will be. H. P. Reeves has taken over the historic premises; he says "I went out to buy a bottle of milk and came back with this shop." The old autographed door has vanished, but he says he has put in a new one; Frederic O'Brien was the first signer and the new panel is rapidly accumulating names. He calls the shop *The New Door*. And travellers from Rhode Island tell me there's a new bookshop at 4 Market Square, Providence, run by two active ladies.

Among other new bookshops that have recently entered this toughest of all trades I hear of Richard E. Luff, 657 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., and also seven ladies (whose names are symphonies, as in Rossetti's pretty poem: Dorothy, Florence, Gertrude, Mary, Eunice, Alice, and Clara) who have founded the Hadley Book Shop at South Hadley, Mass.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

A Letter from Canada

By AGNES C. LAUT

A PECULIAR thing is happening in Canada to-day. It is subtle, it is hard to define, and yet it is as vital to Canada as what happened to the United States during and after the Civil War, when a National Consciousness, which had been sectional, merged in the larger view of a consciousness that was not only federal but inevitably world-wide. In the United States, this period was signalized by the greatest group of poetic singers the nation has known, varying from the placid Whittier and mellifluous Longfellow and inspired Lowell to the trumpet prophecies of a Walt Whitman.

It was inevitable in the Great War with hundreds of thousands of young Canadians of every rank in life from "the musher" of dog trains in the North to the sons of rail presidents in the East fighting shoulder to shoulder from Mesopotamia and Gallipoli and Afghanistan frontiers to the more concentrated purely Canadian war line in Flanders—that Canada should find her soul in the great War. But unfortunately, as religious converts often demonstrate, the finding of one's soul isn't always a harmonious, peaceful discovery. Young men came back realizing that nations for which they had been risking their lives would not make patches on the surface of their own great Northern Domain. All came back prouder of Canada, but all also came back asking themselves horribly embarrassing questions.

When Canada was greater in area and vaster in wealth than these European nations, why was she not going ahead? Why was she not developing a national polity of her own (bigger than party politics), a national art, a national literature? The answers to these questions demanded by a bellicose, patriotic mass of eager youth produced a music of bells sadly out of harmony. There was the swashbuckler Chauvinist—Canada for the Canadians—no more depending on Imperial and American fiscal policies. There was much flag-waving and flag-wiggling. Bitter words are uttered in controversy with youth as touchy as t.n.t. which we had best forget; for they get nowhere either back or forward, except to evince symptoms of a youth discontented with things as they are finding its own national soul; but there was a deeper note in the subtle explanations of the artists and poets of which "Flanders Fields" is a world example, or Robert Service's "Red Cross Ballads."

It was an attempt to explain (as Lorne Harris has put it both in his pictures of the Northern Rockies and his almost shy poems) the universal in terms of the particular; and the specific in terms of the universal. And Harris is the leader of a distinct school of art in Canada to-day, where he has gathered a coterie round him in a special gallery, and where fortunately he has privately the financial means to await the recognition that is bound to come. In the plain, brutal language of the street, Harris is trying to get away from the bill-poster, commercialized type of art, which has too often been the most and only paying kind of art in Canada. Foster is doing the same in portrait painting. No more portraits that might be flattering and enlarged colored photogravures; but the soul of the man in the portrait.

The poets have probed even deeper. The fault is not that Canada has been dwarfed by American or Imperial influence. The fault is that Canada has not been as big in soul as in her heritage. Canada must rededicate her soul, not to slavish imitation of success in British and American literature but to the expression of her own high national and international aims; and this implies a baptism—yes, it was a fearful baptism of blood in the War—to a new evangel. It is the new evangel of a closer dedication to the God of Nations and a more sacred dedication to the inspiration of a Divine Light.

Sounds harmless and easy—so far—doesn't it? But the effects have been volcanic; and that is expressing it mildly. Before the War, the gentle Lake Poets—followers of Wordsworth—satisfied young Canada. To-day they don't. Imitations of old and modern sonnet forms—young Canada turns aside. "Give us strong stuff that will guide through the dark to-day! What's the matter with us? Show us the Light and we'll "Take up the Torch" and "go over the top," if we have to go through—" I shan't say go through *what*; for some of the antiques might faint; but it is the sentiment of young Canada and is really the cause of the wild yeasty boiling in the political storms, which absolutely bedevil and baffle the old politics. No leader knows where he is at.

In the poetic group, there are two flanking movements going forward in the same direction. Both discard mere vacuous pose in form for form's sake. Both seek the form that will express best the new message they have to utter; and this scandalizes the old school of imitation and set forms. I hardly need to add the United States went through the same churning process in the Civil War period. The burlesques of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," when he adapted the old Kalavala Legend form for Schoolcraft's Indian legends, would fill many books. The critics let "Evangeline" pass, for that was in classic mould; but "Hiawatha!" Why actors recited burlesques of the Mighty Manitou on the stages of Boston and New York; and the damnations heaped on Whitman's head would build that great prophet and seer a monument.

The two Canadian poetic groups are enjoying the same delightful experiences just now, not from jubilant malice but solely because the critics can't see what they are driving at. The critics are measuring in terms of Before-the-War; and "the bed is too short" for these singing seers "to stretch themselves on." (Please note I am quoting a Hebrew prophet and not Amy Lowell.)

One Canadian school seeks to help Canada by holding the Torch of a joyous New Life high over all the noisy confused hub-bub. Dr. Watson is easily the leader of that school; and if he was not crucified at first, it was not the fault of the Canadian critics. They first met his output wth blank silence or serenaded it with ridicule. Yet Watson in five years has come into his own. Churches that sniffed for his heresy five years ago are now urging him to come back in the ranks. He is recognized to-day as the Whitman of Canada; and the praise is none too great. He is the seer and prophet of a New World. I do not wish "to rub salt" in the wounds of Canada just now; for deep terrible scars she still bears; but I fancy Dr. Watson—gentle, beautiful spirit that he is—might have appreciated the recognition from his own more if it had come before he won recognition in England and the United States.

The other Canadian school of poets—and the curious thing is, individually they are all the closest of comrades—is ruthlessly striking the iron bands of slavery to the old from Canada's head by articulating the wild emotions and aspirations of the average man and woman—yes, and ragged urchin of the street. Robert Norwood, formerly of Philadelphia now of St. Bartholomew's, New York, is easily the leader of this new school; and the critics can see less what he's driving at than they could Watson. We know the ragged man and woman and tattered slattern and ragamuffin boy have souls; but we haven't celebrated them till very recently in poetry. A "Paoli and Francesca" yes—we've sung their tragic sad sins; but a gallows bird! The critics didn't exactly use a perfumed handkerchief; for perfume is not good form; but they wanted to.

Why, here's this man Norwood dedicating his last volume "Mother and Son" to "my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." Can't you see the artillery handkerchiefs of the heresy hunters out right there? And what's the book all about? It's about the maunderings of an old dame, who happened to be the Mother of a modern Cain; and though the poem doesn't sermonize one line, it asks with the sharpness of an operating surgeon's knife—"*Am I* my brother's keeper" that this could happen in a Christian land? Nasty question, I'll admit. Very embarrassing to smug sanctity. Let us blow our noses and pass by; but if you want to know what Norwood is really trying to do with his modern harp, read his dedicatory poem.

Why do we follow, like a flock of sheep,
Tradition with a crook,
Or leave the vastness of the calling deep
To paddle in a brook,
When on the hills of sunrise stands the Lord—
Triumphant with a lifted flaming sword?

Why, when upon our lips the great, new name
Waits eager to be said,
When cloven tongues of Pentecostal flame
Burn over every head,
Do we build Babel-towers to the sky
From bricks and mortar, who have wings to fly?

Then read this:

For in our alley people swear
To show their discontent with things—
The blame's on them that clips their wings.

A Novel by the daughter of a famous English author

LODGERS IN LONDON
By ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS

A dancer, a priest, a poor artist, a lover and a sweetheart, a child of strange and violent nature are the lodgers—an alien and unrelated group. Yet inevitably their lives meet and interlock, and become suddenly dramatic at the touch of love and romance.

$2.00 at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. *Publishers* BOSTON

What fills the jails? We fights in vain
To keep our kids from curse o' Cain.
In vain we fights the curse o' Cain
With dirt and rags our common lot.
Like flies by bloated spiders caught,
We buzz an' fuss an' cries for freedom.
"Let them flies go!" you says. "We need 'em."

Horribly embarrassing when we are so satisfied with our civilization.

'Scuse me—you makes me laugh.
The rich is wheat, the poor is chaff
Blown from the grindin' stones o' fate.
God isn't, else the pearly gate
Shuts on us people in the alley
Before we travel down death-valley.

Read the controversy on the Virgin Birth. Then read Norwood on the "Mother of Christ."

Then Love held high for her his magic glass,
That she might know the innocence of eyes
Through which a soul first finds that woman's face
Whose longing lured it out of Paradise
To dare a world of sorrow for a space.
O gift of God which sanctifies the earth!
O mystery which only mothers share!
In every little babe who comes to birth,
We entertain an angel unaware.

Do you wonder Norwood and Watson are jolting thought out of old ruts, and giving wings to heavy plodding feet? And never did both Canada and the United States need that jolt more than right now, when the placid old no longer satisfies and we are fumbling through the fog that precedes day dawn to the glorious blaze of a new era.

I think even if I had not intimately known what this new school of Canadian poets was trying to express because I know the crucifixion through which Canada passed in the War, I would have caught it in Norwood's poem on "Judas, the Man of Kerioth" issued in 1919; for there he expresses it plainly as language can express it:

Our Christ has been too ghostly, and not of flesh and blood as we are. For this reason, chaplains at the front say that Christ is unknown to many soldiers. One Scottish Chaplain has been bold to say *"They have never seen him; that is a fact."* It is not true to say that Jesus is unknown; it is true to say that he has been hidden away, that he has been misunderstood. But the Christ of religious circles today is little better than a filmy ghost without flesh and blood. The heroic Jesus of the Apocalypse has eyes as coals of fire, feet of burnished brass, and a voice like the breaking of many waters. This Christ has been lost, and the substitute offered has not been accepted. The bitter experience of the last four years has convinced the most thoughtful that a new and broad humanism alone will satisfy the religious aspirations of our age. The inspiration of this humanism will be a great and glowing God-man, living a truly human life.

You'll find it all expressed and re-expressed in "Bill Boram" and "The Piper and the Reed." These, then are the aims of a new school of poetic singers. I am pagan Christian enough to believe unless we stop blowing our noses from sniffing heresies and use them to wipe away tears, the United States as well as Canada may have a bitter war of religious belief to fight out with a more fearful wastage of youth than the Great War took such toll of flesh and blood and heart break. Most of us would rather see our youth go down to heroic death in a valiant war than to a wasted life of vice and luxury; but there I must stop; for all these singers are optimists. So am I. It isn't youth I fear. It is what dead age may do to youth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only have been received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

DEAD LETTERS. By MAURICE BARING. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

HALF A MINUTE'S SILENCE. By MAURICE BARING. The same.

Maurice Baring is the perfect type of dilettante, the facile playboy of arts and letters. He has written poems, plays, novels, biographies, essays, memoirs, fantasies, and *belle lettres*, all in the easy, graceful style of the cultivated Englishman to whom literature is a social accomplishment, a gesture of gentility. To write well, one imagines him believing, is the mark of a gentleman; to write too well lays one open to the suspicion of being a bounder—like Shaw, or Wells, or Thomas Hardy, let us say. "Half A Minute's Silence," for example, is a collection of reprinted stories from English periodicals and from two of his previous books, which are typical of his dexterous and affable craftsmanship. They are inconsequential little tales, scarcely more than *genre* pieces, which are pleasant and sometimes amusing (especially the imaginative ones) without ever achieving any high degree of distinction. "Habent Sua Fata Libelli," a story of the discovery of the Alexandria library salvaged and hidden in the desert, is perhaps the best piece in the book, but most of the tales are merely well-dressed ideas.

"Dead Letters" is a more amusing book, because Mr. Baring has used his imaginative gift rather deftly in visualizing great figures of history and literature in terms of every day life. Letters that the wives of the Greek heroes of the Trojan War might write, the correspondence of Lady Macbeth, Guinevere, and King Lear's daughter, Goneril, are all very entertaining, but the literary trick is obvious. The letters write themselves once the idea is imagined.

COLLECTED WORKS OF JOHN MASEFIELD. Macmillan. 4 vols.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A PORCUPINE. By *D. H. Lawrence*. Philadelphia: Centaur Press.

RHYTHMIC PROSE. By *John Hubert Scott*. University of Iowa.

RHYTHMIC VERSE. By *John Hubert Scott*. University of Iowa.

MRS. SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND MARRIAGE. By *Appleton Morgan*. Shakespeare Society of New York.

THE PLEASURE HAUNTS OF LONDON. By *E. Beresford Chancellor*. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

FRENCH LIFE AND IDEALS. By *Albert Feuillerat*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

POETIC VALUES. By *John G. Neihardt*. Macmillan. $1.75.

ENGLISH SATIRE AND SATIRISTS. By *Hugh Walker*. Dutton. $3.

ROMAN PORTRAITS. By *Moses Stephen Slaughter*. Yale University Press. $1.50.

Biography

JOHN SLIDELL. *By Louis Martin Sears*. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. $2.50.

A PARSON'S ADVENTURES. By *J. W. McPherson*. Yonkers Book Co. $2.50.

THE LIVES OF THE RAKES. By *E. Beresford Chancellor*. Brentanos. 3 vols.

SOCIAL AND DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES. By *Sir J. Rennell Rodd*. Longmans, Green. $7.50.

ELMER E. ELLSWORTH AND THE ZOUAVES OF '61. By *Charles A. Ingraham*. University of Chicago Press.

BEATRICE CENCI. By *Corrado Ricci*. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $10.

WELLINGTON. By *John Fortescue*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

Drama

EVERYMAN AND OTHER PLAYS. Decorated by *John Austen*. Greenberg.

THE SCIENCE OF PLAYWRITING. By *M. L. Malevinsky*. Bretanos. $5.

BRITISH DRAMA. By *Allardyce Nicoll*. Crowell. $3.

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS AND AMERICAN DRAMATISTS. Edited by *Montrose J. Moses*. Dutton. $8.

CROMWELL: Fac-simile du Manuscript. By *Honore de Balzac*. Preface, Introduction, and Notes by *Walter Scott Hastings*. Princeton University Press.

INSIDE THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE. By *Oliver M. Sayler*. Brentanos. $4.

THE JAZZ SINGER. By *Samson Raphaelson*. Brentanos. $2.

Economics

ORGANIZED LABOR AND THE LAW. By *Alpheus Thomas Mason*. Durham: Duke University Press. $2.50.

THE OIL INDUSTRY AND THE COMPETITION SYSTEM. By *George Ward Stocking*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

HIGH LIGHTS OF GEOGRAPHY: EUROPE. By *David Starr Jordan* and *Katherine Dunlap Cather*. World Book Co. $1.44.

AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE. By *Rexford Guy Tugwell, Thomas Munro, and Roy E. Stry*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

Education

ENFANTS BT PETITES GENS. By *Charles Louis Phillippe*. Edited by Helene Harvitt and William C. Doub-Kerr. Oxford University Press. $1.10.

DETERMINISM IS EDUCATION. By *W. C. Bagby*. Baltimore: Warwick & York. $2.20.

THE [illegible] SECOND PUNIC WAR. *Being* [illegible] XXI and XXX. Edited by H. [illegible] Boston [illegible] University Press. 90 cents.

THE TEACHING OF SCIENCE AND THE SCIENCE TEACHER. By *Herbert Brownell*. Century. $2.

Fiction

MR. GUELPA. By VANCE THOMPSON. Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1925. $2.

"Mr. Guelpa" is not exactly a first rate detective story, but one must be of stern stuff indeed not to be carried along by the little Frenchman's ingenious and most unexpected unravelling of a murder mystery that appears beyond the ken of the regular detective.

Mr. Guelpa becomes interested in the case on his arrival in this country, and takes charge of the inquiry. It is not fair to disclose the plot in the review of such a book as this, but the reader may be assured of Mr. Guelpa's most adroit manner of approach. He goes about his work quietly but effectively, employing the latest discoveries in the science of criminology and uncovering a plot that is startling in its complications.

He develops his complex plot with much originality and ease, and his comments on human affairs are fresh and intelligent. His Mr. Guelpa should figure large in the list of fictional detectives; he is a genial fellow; and his coördination of intuition and intellect in the pursuit of his inquiry is admirable.

THE TROUBLE MAKER. By E. R. EASTMAN. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

The central incident of this novel is the formation of the Dairymen's League during the milk strike of 1916. But for this, the book would be of little interest, since its melodramatic story deals with an impeccable hero, leader of the strikers, who is unjustly regarded as a trouble maker, and is finally vindicated after a sensational trial. The author, who is the editor of *The American Agriculturist*, in openly espousing the cause of the striking dairymen reveals the weaknesses of novels which aim principally at propaganda.

LITTLE TIGER. By ANTHONY HOPE. Doran. 1925. $2.

As a realist in "Little Tiger" Anthony Hope exhibits a rather dismal competence. There is nothing about the book which one can single out as defective, but at the same time it is no mere desire for fault-finding which leads one to believe that it is mediocre in quality. For one thing, it is not interesting. Mr. Hope writes of a woman who with her dull, meaningless husband comes from a dull, meaningless life in Australia to his cousin's country-home in England, and who, given the chance, embarks upon a social career in London whereby her charm and good looks win the admiration of several men. Collin Raymond, her husband's cousin, and a sardonic lord are the two most important figures; the two, indeed, who fight over her. But the chronicle of her career, as told by Raymond's best friend, is a long and unilluminating tale of indirect testimony. It possesses no vigor, no color, no acute discernment, only the stock-in-trade of a good professional writer who commits no blunders and is dependably intelligent. Mr. Hope, to his credit, has not compromised with his material; but he has presented a tragedy so lacking in life as of necessity to be lacking in inexorability. His romantic gestures, to be candid, make better reading. Particularly as he has carried over into this realistic novel those aspects of gentlemanly honor and womanly virtue which are more impressive in the throne-room at Zenda.

THE GREEN ARCH. By CLAUDE C. WASHBURN. A. & C. Boni. 1925. $2.

Mr. Washburn usually writes of sophisticated people and in making "The Green Arch" a kind of fairy tale he has offered them a release from the feeling of pessimism which so often overtakes them. Arthur Holland, disillusioned by war, disillusioned by love, finds a temporary and partial flight from reality in going through a rhododendron arch and finding beyond a plausibly romantic world. He finds a woodland setting, a Southern mansion, a charming girl, which give him illusions of enchantment, illusions all the more piquant because while half of him is surrendering to their spell, the other half can turn an objective eye of disbelief upon the proceedings. This quality is likewise effective from the literary standpoint, since it enables Mr. Washburn to treat his idyl with sophistication and amusement all the while he covers it with glamour.

The book is slight, but it is not without quality. At the same time it would have benefited by more thorough craftsmanship on the part of Mr. Washburn. He has not given it quite the atmosphere and pictorial beauty it deserves, nor written it with quite the necessary regard for rhythm and movement. The sentences, in particular, are inclined to be awkward. One makes these criticisms because one feels throughout that it is a job by no means beyond the author's ability; his lightness and his approach are just right. Walter de la Mare would have made the book, as Mr. Washburn has not, something as lovely as its title.

Foreign

L'INFLUENCE DU NATURALISME FRANCAIS SUR LES ROMANCIERS ANGLAIS DE 1885 À 1900. By WILLIAM C. FRIERSON. Paris: Marcel Giard. 1925.

Mr. Frierson has written a detailed study of the manner in which the ideas and philosophy of the French naturalists penetrated English thought in the face of the most stubborn opposition, and produced a lasting effect on the English novel. It is the author's thesis that the influence of such characteristic practitioners of the naturalistic novel as Zola, Flaubert, the Goncourts, and Maupassant was chiefly instrumental in vanquishing the spirit of prudery and self-righteousness that had animated the Victorian writers. Thus the ground was prepared for the growth of the objective, realistic talents of such men as George Moore, Arnold Bennett, Henry James, George Gissing, and a number of minor figures, all of whom borrowed something of manner or method from France.

The value of the book is enhanced for the student by the addition of extensive bibliographies of the work of French and English writers of the period under consideration.

DE STICHTING VAN NEW YORK. By *F. C. Wieder*. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

LA VIE AMOUREUSE DE CASANOVA. By *Maurice Rostand*. Paris: Flammarion.

LES JEUX DE L'AMOUR ET DE VOYAGE. By *Roux Servine*. Paris: Grasset.

LES EPITAPHES DE RONSARD. By *Margaret de Schfeinitz*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires de France.

Government

THE FORMATIVE PERIOD OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. By W. P. G. Harding. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

THE PRINCE. By *Niccolo Machiavelli*. Brentano's. $1.50.

CONGRESS, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SUPREME COURT. By *Charles Warren*. Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

History

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS. By SLASON THOMPSON. Appleton. 1925. $2.

A good collection of pictures is the most notable feature of this book. Otherwise it is useful as a collection of facts concerning the development of transport facilities in the United States. The theoretical discussion lacks something of being an illuminating interpretation, the whole material being approached from private rather than the public point of view. This limits the value of much of the discussion of railway finance. The author views the railways as doors of opportunity to their workers, an easy conclusion to which many brotherhood members might find it difficult to assent. He says, for instance: "In no other occupation does the eye to see, the hand to do, and the sane mind in the sound body find its due reward with more certainty than in the railway service. Its doors of opportunity swing inward to the multitude who are annually entered on its rolls. It is a steep climb from the bottom rung, which is open to all, to the top of one of the hundreds of companies; but the footing is sure and the rewards increase with every step. The goal of place, honor, and competence is always there to him who brings to the service energy, industry and the spirit to succeed." Add to this the fact that President Rea of the Pennsylvania says of it that the author "is to be congratulated on doing a fine piece of work" and the student will understand what he may expect from it in the way of critical appraisal.

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH EMPIRE. VOL. III. THE EMPEROR. By *Roger Bigelow Merriman*. Macmillan. $5.50.

THE MEMOIRES OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By *Himself and his wife*. Winston. $3.75.

SEVENTY SUMMERS. By *Poultney Bigelow*. Longmans, Green. $10.

TROY AND PAEONIA. By *Grace Harriet MacCurdy*. Columbia University Press. $3.75.

THE BOOK OF THE POPES. Translated from the German by *E. M. Lamond*. Harpers.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By *S. F. Platonov*. Macmillan. $3.50.

THE LORD'S COMMISSIONERS OF TRADE AND PLANTATIONS. By *Arthur Herbert Basye*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE PEOPLES OF ASIA. By *L. H. Dudley Buxton*. Knopf.

THE AEGEAN CIVILIZATION. By *Gustave Glotz*. Knopf.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM INDIAN HISTORY. Edited by *C. H. Pane*. Oxford University Press. $2.

At Leading News-Stands 15c

By Subscription $5 a year

TIME

Penton Bldg., Cleveland

The strangest and probably the most fascinating of Stephen McKenna's novels

THE OLDEST GOD

By STEPHEN McKENNA

"The Oldest God" is a strangely fascinating tale in which the members of an English house party vote for a return to Arcady and the rule of Pan—with dire and almost incredible results.

It is a powerful theme—this world-old contest of sylvan Pan and the pale Christ—and powerfully handled. Like an irresistible flood "The Oldest God" carries you on to an impressive climax—leaves you gasping and clutching for reality.

$2.50 at all Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE RUHR-LORRAINE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM. By *Guy Greer.* Macmillan.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AS VIEWED FROM GENEVA. By *William E. Rappard.* Yale. $2.50.

Juvenile

THE JUNGLE MAN AND HIS ANIMALS. By CARVETH WELLS. With pictures by Tony Sarg. Duffield. 1925. $3.

Mr. Carveth has here simply and entertaingly recounted for young readers and listeners tales of the jungle as they are current in the East. His sketches have all the fascination of fiction and the advantage of being based upon the facts of wild life. Mr. Sarg's illustrations delightfully supplement an interesting text.

NUMBER THREE JOY STREET. APPLETON. 1925. $2.50.

Children who have rejoiced in the two predecessors of this volume will have a ready welcome for this latest of the series to which such writers as Walter de la Mare, A. A. Milne, Laurence Housman, Compton Mackenzie, and G. K. Chesterton among others contribute. Like the books which have preceded it, it is a medley of stories, poems, and drawings; like them it is of uneven quality, despite which fact like them it is certain to provide excellent entertainment for youngsters. Mr. De la Mare is distinguished as ever in his charming tale of the scarecrow, Old Joe; Mr. Mackenzie is ingenious and amusing in his "Mabel in Queer Street," though older readers at least must be disturbed by his atrocious puns, Mr. Milne is gay and clever, and the remainder of the authors who add variety to the volume are competent story-tellers. The book is eminently one to add to the nursery list.

THE NEW CHAMPLIN CYCLOPEDIA FOR YOUNG FOLKS: Places and Events. Edited by LINCOLN MACVEAGH. Holt. 1925. $5.

This is the second volume in the revision of the long and favorably known "Young Folks Cyclopedia," and the two together should go in all good children's libraries as the best available reference work especially adapted for youth. This second volume is not, however, so satisfactory as the first. The new material is good, but the revisions of the old articles are sometimes a little perfunctory. A complete rewriting in the case of rapidly changing cities and states would have been advisable. The illustrations are interesting but leave something to be desired in execution. Nevertheless this is a sound book and has the indispensable simplicity which its title demands.

BARBARA OF TELEGRAPH HILL. By STELLA G. S. PERRY. Stokes. 1925. $1.75.

Youthful readers have no objection to plot and the "long arm of circumstance." In fact, the longer the arm, the better they like it. For this reason they will like "Barbara of Telegraph Hill," for is not her birth shrouded in mystery from the time she was rescued as a baby from the San Francisco fire and brought up by an Irish boarding house keeper? But all is explained in the end after Barbara has shown that she can be a capable assistant to her foster mother and become a friend to the whole community. A breezy juvenile, less sentimental and saccharine than the "Pollyanna" series into whose school it falls, and with a plot far fetched and impossible enough to please girls of ten to sixteen.

WONDER TALES FROM CHINA SEAS. By FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT. Longmans, Green. 1925. $1.75.

Delectable mythological fantasies are here: Chinese Genii and Fairies; Human Foxes; Dragon Kings; Emperors, and Princesses, besides tales of trees, toads, fruits, and flowers. The author has gone far back to the original old sources and has retold these legends simply and beautifully with a remarkable feeling for preserving the Oriental atmosphere and point of view. Because of the excellent English and compact style the stories are particularly adapted for reading aloud to children, and if the reader be a grown up there is no need to fear that he or she will be bored, for the volume is a genuine treasure house of Eastern lore, while Dugald Walker's delicate and fanciful black and white illustrations seem especially well adapted to this sort of elaborate, exotic tale. Not the least interesting portion of the book lies at the back in a tiny dictionary wherein may be found definitions and explanations of many of the Chinese symbols and designs on porcelains, fans, screens, etc. It is surprising to discover how many of these familiar patterns are closely connected with the old tales of the Flowery Kingdom.

LOYAL MARY GARLAND. By LORETTA ELLEN BRADY. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $1.75.

For girls, especially those of high school age, this story of the struggles and adventures of an American contemporary in her teens, will be sure to make a strong appeal. How Loyal Mary Garland lived up to her first name; how she helped support her mother by working in a California lumber mill and by raising flowers for sale; how she was snubbed and ostracised by her classmates, until her own pluck, perseverance, and bigness of heart finally won the desired success and friendships, makes pleasant, wholesome reading. Sincerity and naturalness are the chief assets of this book and there is little of that mawkish sentimentality so characteristic of books for older girls.

ADVENTURES IN OUR STREET. By GERTRUDE KAY. McKay. 1925. $2.50.

In "Adventures in Our Street" Gertrude Kay has done a delightful book for boys and girls from four to eight. All the credit should be her's for she is responsible for both the text and the illustrations. We liked the latter especially. Her children are quaint and very real little people and we found the end papers showing them on the doorsteps of their story book street a most satisfying sight indeed. The various chapters recount such simple and joyful doings as—parties, picnics, first and last days at school, rides on merry-go-rounds, bonfires in October, games in haylofts, and all the adventures that children like best to hear about.

THE AMERICAN TWINS. By LUCY FITCH PERKINS. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $1.75.

Hardy perennials in the field of juveniles are the Lucy Fitch Perkins "Twins Series." Having exhausted most of the countries of the world during the last dozen years or so since the first "Dutch Twins" made their appearance, the author of this popular pair has taken to depicting them in various historical settings. This year they are shown in early American costumes, with the War of 1812 for background. Jonathan, the boy twin, gets most of the adventure for he runs away to sea and suffers hardships and triumphs, not the least of which is participation in the victorious fight between the American frigate "Constitution" and the enemy "Guerrière." A story to stimulate children's interest in American history.

THE MERRY PIPER. By HAROLD GAZE. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

We found "The Merry Piper" one of the least merry juveniles we have ever read. It is one of those dream-fantasy-allegories, faintly reminiscent of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and other favorite fairy tales without their beauty and sturdiness. In fact the vigor and freshness of these old tales is far removed from the over sentimentalized, self-conscious fantasy of this story. Two children join in a dream search for "The Pearl of Happiness" and their adventures take them into "The Land of Goodness-Knows-Where" to "The Temple of Truth," "Wonder Wood," "Fancy Fair," and "The Happy Isles." Though a number of the incidents are rather ingeniously contrived, the effect is spoiled because we are always aware of the author's eye and guiding hand and his too frequent overstressing of the allegory. The same criticism holds true of the illustrations, also the work of Mr. Gaze.

THE MASTER BUILDERS. By MARY H. WADE. Little, Brown. 1925.

Mary H. Wade deals very largely with the 'prentice years of the master builders about whom she writes. She is telling the stories of their lives for boys, and boys, like other persons, no doubt sympathize most readily with their own kind. How young Master—not the Ironmaster—Carnegie named his rabbits after boys who agreed to contribute cabbages and carrots to their support may seem of less moment to the world at large than some of his later *coups*, but it was all in a lifetime, and after all, a lifetime is an organic unit, of which one part conditions the others. Perhaps the thirty-six pages devoted to the pickaninny and Hampton student years of Booker T. Washington seem bulky in proportion to the seventeen pages covering his subsequent life; but they plot the sharp beginning of a curve, from which the remainder of its course must necessarily follow. About one-third of the space given Alexander Graham Bell treats of his pre-manhood years; if one considers that as a boy he was already coaxing a medical student to kill him a cat, that he might examine its sound producing apparatus, the attention to his beginnings seems little enough. Sometimes one knows the man, and his destiny knows him, by his record at coming of age. That rule would hold obviously untrue of puzzling, complicated characters, like Poe, Grant, Henry Adams, or Lincoln. But builders are simple men—simplicity being an attribute of certain kinds of fine mechanism—leading simple lives, sounding the life theme early and developing it directly. To begin the serious narrative, as in many biographies for adults, at the thirtieth milestone courts certain risks. Mary H. Wade has done wisely as a juvenile biographer, perhaps as a biographer of any sort, to catch her subjects young.

LOUIE MAUDE AND THE CARAVAN. By HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH. Penn. 1925. 50 cents.

A pleasant story for little girls who like to travel is this latest volume in one of the Penn Publishing Company juvenile series. Louie Maude and her family spend their vacation following country roads in a Ford, cooking over campfires, sleeping under the stars, and meeting other companions of the road. An easy and simple story for youngsters just beginning to demand adventure stories of today that they can read to themselves.

BELOVED ACRES. By JOHN H. HAMLIN. Century. 1925. $1.75.

Here is a wholesome, jolly story for girls in their teens, with a courageous and venturesome heroine who saves the family ranch in California. Her management of it is only a little less successful than her management of her brother and the seven college chums he brings home with him for the summer. There is plenty of fresh air and fun about the book, and a hint of romance at the end.

BLUEBONNET BEND. By AUGUSTA HUEILL SEAMAN. Century. 1925. $1.75.

Mrs. Seaman's adventure stories for girls have made her many friends through the medium of *St. Nicholas*. In this one she has written a wholesome, outdoor mystery thriller with enough suspense and action to satisfy the demands of the most exacting young readers. An eighteen-year old girl and her mother go to a Texas ranch and there help in the unravelling of a mystery which involves the discovery of a rich mine; the outwitting of those who would illegally possess it; the secret of an old Indian neighbor, and several hairbreadth escapes. The author has very cleverly managed to weave in much interesting historical matter dealing with Texas and the early settling of that region.

GLADYS PETO'S CHILDREN'S BOOK. FREDERICK WARNE. 1925. $2.

Beside such collections of verse and stories for children as may be found in "Number Three Joy Street" and "The Magic Carpet," this anthology of modern juvenalia seems decidedly "manufactured" and second rate, although it can boast contributions from the pens of Sheila Kaye-Smith, Gilbert Frankau, G. B. Stern, and others as well as the compiler's own illustrations, prose and verse. Some of the stories are amusing, and a few charming, but most of them sound written to order, as undoubtedly they were, except in cases where they were resurrected from some forgotten manuscript barrel. But it is not the text to which we object so much as to the illustrations and general format of the book, which seem to us cheap and lacking in good taste. The children and the pictures are often hardly better than little caricatures, the fairies are ugly, sophisticated mites, and the colored plates are crude and disappointing.

MARTY LU. By MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $1.75.

Since nearly all girls of twelve or so feel that they would be perfectly capable of running their homes and the younger members of their families, this story of how fourteen-year old Marty Lu cared for her brothers and sister and kept the little family together after their parents' death, is sure to be popular. Unfriendly and interfering neighbors frowned upon this youthful quartette and did their best to break up the household and ship the children back to an aunt and uncle who did not want them. But Marty Lu's pluck and resource and the opportune appearance of a "he-guardian Angel" averted this catastrophe, and in the end the four win their way to comfort and the friendly coöperation of the town. A pleasantly written story with enough humor and reality to offset occasional sentimentalities.

Miscellaneous

THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS IN LITERATURE. By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE. Appleton. 1925. $3.

Mrs. Marble has here gathered together the Nobel Prize winners in literature, and written concisely about their life and work. The essays on the various winners of the award, while they have small literary value, will prove useful to literary clubs desiring Nobel Prize programs, and handy to students because of their compact biographical information and their bibliographies. Mrs. Marble has mosaicized the critical portions of her essays from the opinions of a diversity of critics and has frequently added sympathetic if not always unassailable opinions of her own. Perhaps the most interesting in the book is the first which considers Alfred Nobel himself and sets forth the conditions of his awards. It is only fair to know something of the man who has largely become a name at the same time that his bequests have grown so formidable and significant. The book is probably what its author intended it to be—not penetrating, but informatory.

HOW MUSIC GREW. By MARION BAUER and ETHEL PEYSER. Putnams. 1925. $3.50.

Marion Bauer, a composer of interesting songs and piano pieces, has achieved less brilliant results as a writer of musical history. In "How Music Grew," written in collaboration with Ethel Peyser, familiar facts and hackneyed legends are transcribed for the benefit of the "dear young reader from nine to ninety," but with so much inaccuracy and such a gushing confusion of thought and words as to make the benefit dubious.

From the opening chapter comes this description of the age in which music was born, "an era when people lived out of doors in mounds and caves, surrounded by wild beasts." The reader feels himself to be mentally "out of doors in a cave" when he reads a passage such as the following one in regard to the romantic composers of the nineteenth century, "instead of holding back what they wanted to say, they poured out in rich melody their deepest, loveliest, and most exalted feelings." But a hundred years before them, so one reads earlier in the book, Bach and Handel had written music that is "sublime."

In accordance with the title the periods of musical history are divided into babyhood, childhood, youth, etc., so that the intricate choral art of Palestrina is achieved before music "comes of age." Apparently a period as well as a composer can be precocious.

These ladies tell us that Beethoven's parents came from Louvain and were of Dutch-Flemish stock. Beethoven's father was born in Germany and was half Flemish and half German, while Beethoven's mother was entirely German. Then we read that as a boy he did not want to practice and therefore was "whipped cruelly every day," for which latter statement there is no authority. Altogether there is much in this book which every schoolboy should unlearn.

SURVIVAL. Edited by SIR JAMES MARCHANT. 1925.

This is a companion to the earlier volume on "Immortality" edited by James Marchant, and follows the same plan. The names of the twelve contributors make a very impressive list but the essays are of singularly unequal value. It must be remembered that the book is, with the exception of Professor Richet's article, a composite of the views of convinced believers in personal survival of bodily death. That, however, does not mean that the various writers have prejudged the question and are merely bigots or fools; it were as unfair to discount the book because nearly all its authors believe in personal immortality as to scoff at a volume on physics or chemistry because the author believed in the existence of electrons or ions. This present volume presupposes too great a familiarity with Psychic Research to be convincing to such readers as come fresh to the subject, especially as all the papers are too brief to permit more than a certain sketchiness of treatment; but the reader with some knowledge of the field will find something of interest and value, particularly in the contributions of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Professor Charles Richet.

THE WORLD'S BEST HUMOR. By *George A. Posner,* Penn.

THE JOURNAL OF THE BABY. Penn. $5.

ANIMAL HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR. By *Ernest Harold Baynes.* Macmillan. $3.50.

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH FURNITURE. By *Percy Macquoid* and *Ralph Edwards.* Scribners. $35.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Press

2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

ANTS

THEIR STRUCTURE, DEVELOPMENT AND BEHAVIOR

By W. M. Wheeler

Professor of Economic Entomology in Harvard University

Second edition. 700 pages, 286 illustrations. In Press. Probable Price $7.50.

Ants are the most remarkable of all the social insects. This work gives a comprehensive account of the instincts and social life of ants, their biological relation to other animals and to plants, their slaves, guests and parasites, and their classification and distribution.

"It is probably not too much to say that Dr. Wheeler's 'Ants' is the best book on entomology ever published in this country."—*Science.*

AT BOOKSTORES

Or direct from the Publishers

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Brief Mention

THIS week we find a miscellaneous assortment of books upon the shelf from which we compose this column. Here to the left are some interesting reprints worthy of mention. "War and Peace," by *Lyof N. Tolstoy*, turned into English by Nathan Haskell Dole (Crowell. $2.50), was first copyrighted by this publisher in 1889. It is the authorized translation by the well-known translator of Tolstoy, now appearing in a new edition complete in one volume. "War and Peace" is, of course, one of the world's masterpieces. "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D." by *James Boswell*, Esq. (Dutton: 3 vols.) is a good standard edition of Boswell's great work, with Austin Dobson's preface of 1901, the editing done by Arnold Glover of the Inner Temple. It is extensively illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf adds to The Borzoi Pocket Books "Adolphe," by *Benjamin Constant* (Knopf. $1.25) with an introduction by Henry K. Marks; and another revived classic is *Dumas fils's* "Camille" (Modern Library Inc., 71 West 45th St. $0.95) with an introduction by Edmund Gosse. Over and above this the Arnold Company of 320 Broadway has brought out in a new edition *Prosper Mérimée's* "Diane de Turgis: A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX," translated and illustrated by Theodore Bolton ($2). This is a book that Arthur Symons has called "the most artistic, the most clean-cut of historical novels." The Constant and Mérimée are both new translations.

And here, to make a sudden shift, is a small group of juvenile fiction, headed by the indefatigable *Edgar Rice Burroughs*, the creator of the famous Tarzan. In "The Eternal Lover," (McClurg. $2) to be sure, he seems to aim at an adult audience, but youth will more enjoy his Na of the Stone Age who sleeps a hundred thousand years, wakes refreshed, and carries off a bride from our modern day. There are several convenient earthquakes, —and Na returns with his lady into the Stone Age. The story is preposterous, but Mr. Burroughs possesses the gusto of a born story-teller. "Quinby and Son," by *William Heyliger* (Appleton. $1.75) is, on the other hand, a "father and son book" of modern America by one who has won much praise as being one-hundred-per-cent American. Heyliger is a good workmanlike boy's writer who gives us less concocted stories than many. *James Willard Schultz*, in "Questers of the Desert," (Houghton Mifflin. $1.75) has produced a tale of adventure that boys should enjoy, a story of the Hopi Indians of Arizona, with a search for gold through underground caves. "Beyond the Outpost," a somewhat more adult tale, also about Indians, (presumably written by quite a young man)—the author *Peter Henry Morland* (Putnam. $2)—will yet appeal to boys because it takes Lew Dorset, a young hero, out with the early-period prairie-wagons, and, after an Indian raid, he falls in with Chuck Morrison, an older boy. They have many adventures.

"Wall-Eyed Caesar's Ghost," by *Jane Baldwin Cotton* (a good name for one who writes of the South!), has an attractive title and conveys in adequate dialect certain impressions of the old-fashioned darky. (Marshal Jones. $1.75.). The sketches are brief, but furnish amusement. The illustrations by Dr. Cotton are rather wooden. "Doorways in Drumorty" by *Lorna Moon* (Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50) takes for character-sketching a far different folk, those of a Scotch village. In this small book there is mixed irony and charm. It seems to have strayed from the old Kailyard School of last century. "Half-Told Tales," by *Henry Van Dyke*. (Scribner's. $1.50), is a collection of small parables of spiritual significance by this noted writer. "Who's Who in the Theatre" is the fifth edition of this excellent handbook (Isaac Pitman. $6). It is a necessary reference work for all who write on the drama.

We must also add mention of several novels. One, "The Rajah's Honour," by *Pearl Weymouth* (Seltzer. $2), has its scene laid in India, and the plot turns upon the opposed views of women as held by an Indian Rajah and an Englishman. It is a highly-colored story, the writer showing acquaintance with Indian customs. For all that, it is second-rate fiction. "The Stormy Petrel" by *Oswald Kendall* (Houghton Mifflin. $2) is a more valuable book, the story of an ocean-going tug, and of extraordinary sea experiences on an exciting mission. It is written with quite a touch of humor.

And thus we come to the younger folk. Appleton presents in uniform format, three English importations, "Twelve Tales for Children" by various authors, "Uzz, Fuzz, and Buzz" by *Tinker Taylor* (illustrated by the author), and "Tarbury Tor," by *C. G. Vickers*, illustrated by *Alec Buckels*. A Czechoslovak Folk Tale "The Cock and the Hen," illustrated by *Rudolf Mates* is published by Raf. D. Szalatnay, Czechoslovak Art and Craft, 542 East 79 Street—a vivid and profusely decorated picture book. "The Musical Tree" by the well-known illustrator, *Sarah Stilwell Weber* (Penn), exhibits Mrs. Weber's draughtsmanship in a new decorative style and features some simple and charming songs of her own set to music. *Anne Archbold Miller's* "Little Bigs" (Greenberg. $1.50) with illustrations by *Bernard Westmacott*, is a fairly negligible story for small children prepared for the Christmas trade, while *Robert Gordon Anderson's* "Over the Hill Stories" (Putnam) which *Nina Ralston Jordan* has illustrated, is a decidedly better book, following on the heels of Mr. Anderson's "The Clock Series," though running somewhat to stereotype.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs Becker, c o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

TOLERANCE. By Hendrik Van Loon (Boni & Liveright).

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. By Lewis Melville. (Houghton Mifflin).

WINDOWS OF NIGHT. By Charles Williams. (Oxford University Press).

M. G., Washington, D. C., asks for books on musical appreciation.

"THE Scope of Music," by Percy Buck (Oxford), made such an impression upon a reader of the Guide that he sent me his own copy, saying that "the large public which has need for this book should be told about it." It is more than a guide for the student; it is an effort to open the mind to beauty, so that the layman may not only look for it but let himself enjoy it when found. Some beautiful books of this kind have been lately coming from England, where by the way they take their phonographs far more seriously than we do and develop more tenderly their possibilities in enlarging popular appreciation. They are used, for instance, in the admirable scheme for a four-year school course from Bach to Borodin, developed in C. H. Glover's "The Term's Music" (Dutton). Another new one from London is "The Living Touch in Music and Education," by H. Ernest Hunt (Dutton), thirty lectures before a training school for music-teachers, bringing out spiritual as well as aesthetic values. "Musical Taste and How to Form It," by M. D. Calvocoressi (Oxford), is another excellent guide. A new and unusual book has just appeared from an American authority, Edward Dickinson's "The Spirit of Music" (Scribner); besides affording inspiration and stimulus to anyone with music at heart or in mind, it will give him an honest idea of what has been and in a measure is still the matter with its treatment in our scheme of education. "How Music Grew," by Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser (Putnam), is a large, illustrated history, pleasantly written and extending from the beginning to today; this would be a good book for a family library. I am replying to another question on music books next week.

E. M. W., Worcester, Mass., L. J., New York, E. N., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., I. L., Ontario, A. S., Brooklyn, ask for graded reading lists for children or for books on their reading.

CHILDREN'S Reading" (Appleton) and "A Guide to Children's Reading" (Funk & Wagnalls') are the latest of these. The first is by Lewis Terman, assisted by Margaret Lima, both of Leland Stanford: everyone knows Professor Terman's pioneer work in intelligence measuring and would expect this book to be scholarly, but besides this it is a sympathetic study of children's tastes, with much that parents should know about mental growth. Mrs. Bonner's guide is by a writter of books for children and one who as an editor has reviewed many books written for them without losing her interest in the process. Each book named is briefly described. *E. V. P., Philadelphia,* tells me that "even an old bachelor can appreciate the value of the list of forty books put out by the Federal Education Bureau," adding darkly "it looks as if someone in that branch of the government really knows his business." The American Library Association, Randolph St., Chicago, is publishing "The Winnetka Graded Book List," whose method of preparation makes me keenly interested in its results. Ballots were received from 36,750 children in 34 cities, in schools chosen to represent every type. They evidently took the matter to heart and replied honestly: one eleven-year-old said "I like this book because it suits my taste. I have a wild taste." Fifty per cent of the books starred by a jury of experts were within the top twenty percent of the children's favorites. The list is one that may be used by the children themselves, and the comments are such as children make.

There are plenty of books on the religious training of children through reading, but I would give them all for the chapter on this in "Sayings of the Children," by Pamela Grey (Stokes). An altogether beautiful book, it reaches its greatest height in the few pages that touch, as few of the sayings of adults do, the spiritual world, so easy of access by children and so often blockaded for them by the well-meaning blunders of their grown-up guides. This is the only book I know that gives to an older person a clue that will bring him through the ordeal of comforting a bewildered child for the first time facing bereavement. There is also a section on children's books, including "Dr. Dolittle." And though I don't pretend to be a specialist on this subject, I keep getting letters from mothers whose children are being brought up on pabulum provided in the chapters on "Children and Books" in "A Reader's Guide Book" (Holt).

VANITY in Sex" by W. J. Fielding (Dodd, Mead,) and "Himself: Talks with Men Concerning Themselves" (Forbes, 1913) have been recommended to me by medical authorities. The long list of small volumes published by Funk & Wagnalls as the National Health Series has one on this subject by Dr. W. F. Snow, a clear statement in terms intelligible to the layman. These useful little manuals by specialists cover the range of public health problems and cost thirty cents apiece. The National Health Library of the American Social Hygiene Association is a comprehensive collection housed at 370 Seventh Avenue: the society has published an authoritative work by T. W. Galloway, "Sex and Social Hygiene," a library in itself.

In Dr. Joseph Collins's "Taking the Literary Pulse" (Doran), which came before his enthralling new book, "The Doctor Looks at Biography" (Doran), he bears down on the importance of providing children, as they begin to take part in life, with sound ideas as to the part sex plays in it. So I asked him if he would give me the names of some such books for the use of those with children in charge, and after saying that most of those on the market are rubbish, he came out for "Sex for Parents and Teachers," by Dr. W. L. Stowell (Macmillan), as the best of its kind. This naturally elates me, for this is the one I have been recommending to Guide inquirers ever since it appeared. I submit, however, that the title could be improved. "The Education of the Young in Sex Hygiene," by Dr. R. N. Wilson, is another that Dr. Collins recommends: it is sound and stodgy.

I MUST somehow find room for some of the suggestions and amendments that readers constantly offer. *A. B., Louisville, Ky.*, says that "Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains," by Josephine McGill (Boosey) should be added to my Appalachian list, with her articles in the *Musical Courier*, July 1917 and April 1918, describing adventures in ballad collecting. *Professor Albert Schinz* sends the latest issue of "Smith College Studies," and had already been using it—"Paris—Théâtre Contemporaind" by Louise Delpit—as the best guide to understanding of the French stage of this day and hour. *W. A. S., Madison, Wis.*, says that next time I am asked for a French phrase-book I must tell about Altemus's "English-French Conversational Dictionary" (Altemus, Philadelphia), one of a series she has used in other languages and found nothing else so good. *N. McC., N. Y.*, says that we have been looking in the wrong place for books on *toile de Jouy* and should go through those on textiles: will the Cleveland inquirer please note? There is, she says, a beautiful book by Henri Clouzot with plates in color, now coming out in sections, on *toiles de Jouy*, and all the Huet designs will be found in series 9 and 9bis in the books called "Les Collections du Musée de l' Union Centrale des Arts Decoratifs," prints by Guérinet of Paris. Egon Healing's book on Directoire stuffs has also much about these designs. "Yule Fire" (Macmillan), the new anthology of Christmas poems, is edited by Marguerite Wilkinson: I don't know how I ever managed to get her name wrong in a former notice. *E. S., N. Y.*, tells me that the inquirer for a book on how to use an index should be told about William Dana Orcott's "The Writer's Desk Book" (Stokes), in which a section is devoted to making an index: by working backwards the trick of using one should be neatly turned.

Wishes Come True

A NOVEL

By GEORGIA FRASER

THE story of some old prints, a bit of mahogany, a lovely child, a beautiful girl, stowed away in a dreary corner of New York. How the finding of a string of pearls led to a millionaire's paradise on Long Island is told in this fascinating story.

$2.00 the copy.

Princess Royal

By GEORGIA FRASER

A NARRATIVE poem of long ago. The progress of The Princess Matoka from the forests of America to the toast of England's Court. Being some history and a little fancy. A thrilling story as well as a charming poem.

$1.50 the copy.

Harold Vinal, *Publisher*

13 West 54th St., New York

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures.

The Writers' Workshop, Inc.
135 East 58th Street
New York City

Mathilde Weil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Ambassador Page

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The Hon. Bainbridge Colby took a long chance when he let fly the little poison arrows at the record of Ambassador Walter H. Page, so apparent in his critique of the third volume of Page's Letters in the *Review* of December 5th. The memory of Woodrow Wilson needs no such pettifogging defence and that of Page most assuredly should be immune to such disingenuous slings, even from the former law partner of our famous Great War President.

One would naturally think that thirty years intimate friendship would have sufficed for a good, working knowledge on the part of the President of Page's qualifications for the difficult office of ambassador to the court of St. James. And it will take a fairer-minded and heavier-weighted critic than Mr. Colby to convince the American public that Walter H. Page made a damned fool of himself in that job. President Wilson's habit of sending to Coventry all and sundry of his official family who disagreed with him is too well known to cast any shadow on Page's record. His kindly benediction when Page left for England: "Go—and be yourself," tells an infinitely more eloquent story than his subsequent cautionary remark to Colby to avoid Anglophobia, etc. The real differences between the two situations lies in the apparent fact that the President had changed his mind about wanting Page to be himself and was more or less irked because of his disinclination to become a "rubber stamp:" a contingency that seems to have had Mr. Colby's thorough and unquestioning acquiescence.

Making due allowances for the personal equation in each instance—the real reason for President Wilson's failure to get Page's point of view lies deeper than his rampant individualism and determination to "run the whole show." There is a "great gulf fixed" between the purely professional mind and that of the man who has "fixed it" with his kind and possesses that Christ-like quality of being able to put himself in the other man's shoes and render judgment accordingly. This latter was one of Page's crowning characteristics, combined with a gorgeous sense of humor. I am safe in saying that there isn't an advertising man, a newspaper man, or a salesman in the United States who would fail to get Page's slant on his job. Conversely—it is equally true that there are mighty few purely professional men who would understand it, much less sympathize with it.

Walter H. Page was a *salesman* of the highest type. His product was the United States, for which he was only "taking orders." His field was Great Britain—and God knows he faced a fierce problem in trying to popularize his "goods," with the head of his house utterly out of sympathy with his selling methods. This for the very simple reason that, like the president and general sales-manager of many commercial institutions, he was entirely "too busy" to make a personal investigation of the local conditions against which his salesman was striving, notwithstanding which, he would not accept his conclusions and hadn't the guts to remove him. Page's Letters reveal, most pathetically, his earnest efforts to induce the President to make a visit to Great Britain, in order that he might possibly *sell himself* on those actualities of the local situation which were so apparent to the man on the ground.

Here's where your strictly professional man, with a one-track mind, will lift his hands in holy horror at the suggestion that the President of the United States should leave the country on any such mission. It is worthy of note, however, that Mr. Wilson did that very thing later on and accomplished infinitely less than might have been the case had he journeyed to Great Britain when his presence would have meant so much for the cause of Anglo-American solidarity and possibly staved off the War.

Page was the most astounding combination of the reconciling compromiser and a "consuming fire" that I have ever known: a veritable Peter the Hermit with the long suffering of the Christ and the gaiety of Chaucer. No wonder Grey fell for him. No wonder the British people as a whole fell for him. His "shirt-sleeved diplomacy" was swathed in the finest samite. He sold the Britishers his particular product against their will and made them like it. He broke through the barriers of England's prejudice as no Ambassador had ever done. They loved his simplicity, his quaintness, his whimsicality, and his glorious "punch," the while they honored his fundamental greatness and god-like sincerity. It is unfortunate that they did not extend the same degree of confidence to his home government. But that was not his fault. President Wilson could have changed all that if he had had the slightest apprehension of Page's superb salesmanship. It was no childish suggestion that Page made to his chief concerning the vital importance of a visit to England. As a salesman, *par excellence*, he was not one whit less the Ambassador in his conception of his duties. He knew when the time was ripe to get his chief on the job, and what might be accomplished thereby. Pity 'tis that President Wilson had no "listening ear" for such an able *fidus Achates*, notwithstanding Mr. Colby's puerile observations to the contrary. Tragic, indeed, that Page was destined to an awakening that the man he thought he had known so well and intimately for over thirty years was more like a self-sufficient "iceberg" than a "regular human being." It will be scarcely necessary for me to state that the latter remark is offered as a generally recognized statement of fact and not as a bit of invective.

Precisely how much President Wilson's studied frigidity and unconscionable ignoring of the merest amenities contributed to the untimely death of Walter H. Page, we probably shall never know. That it played a dire part in that tregedy is not open to argument. And when Mr. Colby capitalizes Colonel House's unofficial mission, as a slap-in-the-face for Ambassador Page, it might be well to remember that that doughty Texan "came out by the same door where in (he) went"—an added demonstration of that "divinity" which doth hedge a king.

Yes—I speak feelingly. I was advertising manager of *The Forum* when Page was its editor. I knew the man and loved him, just as everybody did who really knew him. The lapse of thirty years has served only to increase my unbounded admiration of his genius, his intense human-ness, his far-flung spiritual horizon, his leadership, and his child-like faith in his brother man. He never forgot how to laugh. His memory will be a benediction to Democracy when "the little dogs and all—Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart" shall have been consigned to the limbo of the "hell-box."

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days.
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM
New York City.

"Stroking A Sillabub"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Apropos of Mr. De la Mare's "Come Hither," which is one of the best books of the sort it has been my good fortune to read, I am inclined to dispute a reading which he gives, having, I feel certain, a better definition to offer than his.

It is, perhaps, a confession, to say that Mr. De la Mare's "Come Hither" did not find me immediately as a reader. Perhaps it may not be quite so bad, if it is followed at once by the statement, that having once been found, I shall not easily be lost again. The real regret is that so many months of pleasure were unnecessarily missed.

In spite of which, I question a reading of Mr. De la Mare's, a definition, for which, it seems to me I can produce proof enough to ask, at least, for a hearing.

In poem 22, when one turns to page 16, occur the lines:

Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy football swain,
She strokes a sillabub or twain.

Mr. De la Mare has put a footnote to "strokes," giving "Whips, mills, or beats" as its definition.

On page 498, he gives the following recipe for a sillabub, on which he evidently bases this:

"If you would make a Lemon Sillabub (as advised by Mrs. Charlotte Mason, 'a professed Housekeeper, who, from about 1740 had upwards of Thirty Years experience in Families of the First Fashion') take 'a Pint of cream, a Pint of white wine, the rind of two lemons grated, and the juice. Sugar to the taste. Let it stand some time; mill or whip it. Lay the froth on a sieve, put the remainder into glasses. Lay on the froth.' "

Thus Mr. De la Mare's Sillabub; a poor weak thing, and not, I maintain, the drink for a football hero, or for his betters, if there be such, when compared with those offered by

"The Family Receipt Book or Universal Repository of Useful Knowledge and Experience in all the various Branches of Domestic Economy, etc., etc., London: Printed for the Editors, and published by Oddy and Co., 27 Oxford St.; and W. Oddy, 108, opposite Warwick Lane, Newgate St.," circa 1800.

We have our choice here, first; the italics are mine:

"Good and Cheap Staffordshire Syllabub: This is a very pleasant as well as a very cheap method of making a syllabub. *Milk into a bowl*, on a quart of cyder; mixed with a glass or two of good brandy, and some sugar and nutmeg: or, *if a cow be not at hand*, warm some good milk, and pour it, from a considerable height, through the spout of a tea-pot, into the bowl, the top of which may thus be almost equally well frothed. In summer, this is not a bad beverage even without the brandy or spice; as it is often drank in many retired parts of the country, some of them within thirty miles of the metropolis."

But everyone does not care for "Cheap Syllabub"; to them we present:

"Royal London Syllabub: Put a bottle of red port, a pint of Madeira, sherry, or fine old Mountain, and half a Pint of brandy, into a large bowl, with grated nutmeg and plenty of loaf sugar, then *milk into it* at least two quarts; and grate over it some more nutmeg. Good wine syllabub is commonly made, in London, with either red or white wine alone; it is however, sometimes half and half. Red wine is chiefly preferred, on account of its agreeable colour."

It is very evident that Mr. De la Mare does not know these recipes for Syllabub, and so has not had it made as plain to him as to me, that what Joan did was to stroke the milk from the cow into the bowl, which milk, falling from a height and with force, did all the milling for itself.

At any rate, I like my recipes better than his, and I am quite sure Joan and the swain did too.

SUSAN S. BENNETT.
Charleston, S. C.

A Point of Style

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

A mere instructor in rhetoric, deficient in "style" as all rhetoricians are, begs leave to cross swords with the esteemed editor of the *Saturday Review* in defense of the "rhetorics, composition books, manuals, guides." (*vide* issue of Nov. 21) Granted, for the sake of argument, that the text books make "a sermon on accuracy the sum of good English," might it not be wise to try to understand why clearness and accuracy are thus emphasized before criticizing the text books too severely? Nine tenths of the writers of text books are confronted with the practical problem of teaching young students how to write simply, clearly, and correctly. Of these students one in a thousand may some day attempt to write "literary prose." The other nine hundred and ninety nine are going to write letters, reports, and theses of various kinds. Their "yeasty" minds have no conception of clearness and accuracy, their habits of thought are undeveloped and untrained, their powers of expression decidedly limited. If the average teacher, with all his emphasis on clearness and accuracy, can send out into the world young men and women possessing at least that much of the elements of style, for clearness and accuracy are elements of style, he may be well content with the fruits of his labor. Too many of us, it is to be feared, lack even that satisfaction.

There is another practical objection to the teaching of "style." Style is an intangible quality, a something so colored and imbued with the spirit of personality that it cannot be analyzed. What are its elements? Figures of speech? Cadence and rhythm? Surely, if such were true, all our Elizabethan literature should be admirable; there is much that is objectionable in Shakespere, much that is intolerable in his contemporaries. A teacher may, through the force of his personality, inspire his students with the love of ideas and of their effective expression, the basis of all true style, but he may not teach style. Moreover, where shall we find such teachers? or the students to profit from them?

He is unfair who blames the rhetorician for the effects of American literature. The rhetorician is a timid soul. He does not presume to teach style to our literary men. Who was Shakespeare's teacher of rhetoric? What original mind needs a book of rules to teach him how to write, or having read one allows it to hamper him in his practice? Why should an author come to me for the rules of his art when he may find them applied, exemplified, and often discussed by his masters in the classics of English literature? Let him play the sedulous ape with Stevenson. It will do him more good than a thousand text books.

If American literature be inferior, be assured that it is the man and not the style that is at fault. Great men will produce great literature, no matter what the ideals of rhetoricians may be, and for us lesser men, better an ideal of clearness and accuracy than an ideal of meretricious ornament, misnamed "style,"—better pure water than synthetic wine.

WILLIAM R. MACLEOD.
Emory University, Ga.

Mr. Lewis Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In your issue of December 5 appear the reactions of several of your readers to my article, "Prep Schools for Rotarians," which was printed a few weeks earlier. If the subject is not already threadbare, I should like to offer a few different words in my own behalf.

In all humility, allow me to say that I wrote the article with no sinister motives against Rotary International. I am sorry if Mr. Lowery and Mr. Tripp mistook my purpose, and I admire, as much as could the most loyal of their brother Rotarians, the vigor with which they set upon me as the interloper. But they have overlooked the fact that I was discussing, not Rotary Clubs, but juvenile reading matter. I mentioned Rotary Clubs (in which I am not interested) because it seems to me that juvenile reading matter (in which I am interested) is too largely dominated by the standards of materialism which underlie Rotary Clubs and the similar "booster" organizations which today—whether we like it or not—are setting the standards for America. I protested with such vigor as I could against the wholesale instilling of Rotary ideals in minds not yet sufficiently developed to judge the value of those ideals, and if this heresy leads to my excommunication from every Rotary Club in the universe I shall accept the sentence with fortitude.

On the same page, a third subscriber, a Mr. Kempton takes exception to "Prep School for Rotarians" from another angle. On evidence gleaned from the article, he argues that I know nothing (a) about children, (b) about juvenile literature, and in particular (c) about juvenile periodicals. It is interesting to examine how he arrives at these conclusions. Because I presume to question if a "love of reading" is an inherent instinct born in every child, he doubts if I have ever observed the phenomenon of a child reading, and because I made the statement that in order to read words, a child must first learn the symbols of which words are composed, he scornfully remarks that I actually think children are still taught to read by "memorizing the alphabet." I would point out that letters are the symbols that made up words, and that to know the words the child must know the symbols, whether he learns them in the old A, B, C order, or backwards, or while standing on his head.

Mr. Kempton calls attention to "astonishing omissions" in the juvenile magazines mentioned. I named *The American Boy* and *Boy's Life* because I was considering boys' magazines and because these two happen to be the best known in that field. I purposely omitted *St. Nicholas* (edited for boys and girls alike), *The Youth's Companion* (which likes to be considered as appealing to all the family), and the other magazines he names, as well as some two dozen he does not name. Finally, to prove how "wholly and lamentably wrong" I am,

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK [illegible]

A KIPLING collection comprising a large number of rarities, including first editions, association items, and other material of intimate intrinsic interest and value to the collector, brought together by E. P. Dutton & Co. of this city, consisting of 172 lots, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, December 15, bringing $12,662. The sale was well attended by dealers and collectors and there was much spirited bidding. Prices on the whole were very satisfactory.

H. C. Smith, vice president of E. P. Dutton & Co., in a letter printed in facsimile in the catalogue explained that the greater part of the collection had been made in 1912, although additions were made later. Within a year some excellent association items were included. The collection was held intact for a considerable period and when it was decided to break it up, it was sent to auction to be sold without reserve. This sale, we believe, marks a new departure. In the not remote past, booksellers' stock fared badly at auction. Apparently this collection sold just as well as if the catalogue had borne the name of a well known collector.

A few of the rarer and more valuable lots and the prices realized were the following:

"Schoolboy Lyrics," square 16mo, original brown paper covers, in case, Lahore, 1881. Rare first edition of Kipling's first book. $1,450.

"Echoes," by two writers, square 16mo, original stiff glazed paper covers, in case, Lahore, 1884. Rare first edition. $1,225.

"Quartette," Christmas annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette Press*, 8vo, original wrappers, in case, Lahore, 1885. The quartette was composed of Rudyard Kipling, his father, mother and sister, Beatrice. $475.

"Departmental Ditties and other Verses," narrow 8vo, in case, Lahore, 1886. Rare first edition. $325.

"Plain Tales from the Hills," 12mo, original cloth, in case, Calcutta, 1888. First issue of the first edition. $100.

"Soldiers Three," 8vo, original gray pictorial wrappers, Allahabad, 1888. First issue of the first edition, presentation copy from Kipling's father to Burne-Jones. $850.

"The Naulahka," written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier, 12mo, original cloth, London, 1892. First edition. $62.50.

"Old Johnny Grundy," in "Fame's Tribute to Children," done in facsimile for the benefit of the Children's Home of the World's Columbian Exposition, 4to, cloth, Chicago, 1892. First edition. $100.

"The Jungle Book," London, 1894; "The Second Jungle Book," London, 1895. 2 [illegible] blue cloth, London, [illegible] Errors of each book.

[illegible] Courageous." 8vo., wrappers, [illegible]. The earliest form of this [illegible] of which only five copies were printed [illegible] of copyright. $490.

"White Horses." 12mo, original wrappers, [illegible]don, 1895. First English separate edi[illegible] $95

"The Absent-Minded Beggar," folio, printed and folded in the form of a triptych. London, 1899. Rare first edition printed on satin. $120.

"From Sea to Sea," galley proofs with hundreds of corrections by the author in ink, 64 pp., 4to, in box. $850.

"The White Man's Burden," 12mo, wrappers, in cloth case, London, 1899. First separate English edition. $110.

The Friend, 30 numbers, folio, unbound, printed at Bloomfontein, March 15, 1900, to April 18, 1900. This paper was taken over and edited by the war correspondents with Lord Roberts's forces. $1,150.

"The Elephant's Child," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1900. The rare first and copyright issue. $450.

"The Beginning of the Armadillos," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1900. The rare first and copyright issue. $325.

"The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1900. The rare first and copyright issue. $400.

"With Number Three," surgical and medical and new poems, 12mo, wrappers, Santiago de Chili, 1900. Very rare first edition. $270.

"The Science of Rebellion," a tract for the times, 8vo, wrappers, London, 1901. Rare first and only edition. $105.

"The Sin of Witchcraft," 8vo, wrappers, London, 1901. Rare first edition. $65.

"The Islanders," 8vo, wrappers, New York, 1902. First edition and copyright issue. $125.

"The Spies' March," 12mo, wrappers, in case, Garden City, 1911. First edition of the American copyright issue. $110.

"Cockoo Song," 4 p. leaflet, 8vo, in case, New York, 1909. First edition and the American copyright issue. $135.

"The Irish Guards," 4to, wrappers, London, 1918. First issue of the first edition. $125.

NEW SHELLEY POEMS FOUND

PROF. WALTER EDWIN PECK of Wesleyan University says that two hitherto unpublished poems by Percy Bysshe Shelley have been discovered in a note book of the poet which was willed to the Harvard library in 1902 by Edward A. Silsbee of Boston. Prof. Essor Peck, who has examined the note book and manuscripts it contains, says that it was obtained by Mr. Silsbee from Claire Claremont, foster sister of Mary Shelley, the poet's second wife, whom he met in Florence. The two poems are a translation from an epigram of Plato, cited in the "Apologies of Apulcius," and "Verses written on receiving a Celandine in a letter from England." The note book also contains a first draft of Shelley's song, "To Constantia Singing," written at Moscow in 1817 and first published after the poet's death by Mary Shelley in posthumous poems in 1824.

NOTE AND COMMENT

HITHERTO undiscovered records of Jews in Portugal, Spain, and Sicily are contained in a group of extremely rare volumes recently obtained for the library of the Jewish Theological Seminary of this city. Professor Alexander Marx, librarian at the seminary, discovered the books on a recent trip to Italy, and was enabled to purchase them by a gift from Mortimer L. Schiff of this city.

A story by Hans Christian Anderson, the famous Danish author of stories for children, has just been published for the first time in *The Evening News* of London. It was recently discovered in the Royal Library of Copenhagen by the librarian, and appears to have been written in 1868. The story is about a little boy and his adventure with the kings, queens, and knaves of a pack of cards. Because at the end the kings and queens are burnt up, the author, on the advice of friends, refused to have it published lest his loyalty as a subject be doubted.

A new press, The Argonaut Press, has been formed for reissuing travel books of outstanding merit in a manner worthy of their importance. The works issued by the press will not be restricted to any particular part of the world, but will be selected irrespective of locality or nationality. Particular attention will be paid to volumes devoted to early exploration in Africa, Asia, America, and Australasia. "The World Encompassed" by Sir Francis Drake, reprinted from the edition of 1628, with a contemporary map, will be ready shortly, and will be edited in the light of recent research with an introductory essay by Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bart.

Points of View

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Mr. Kempton invites me to "concoct" a story according to the ideas mentioned in the article and "try it on the juvenile editors." "He will collect good wishes and rejection slips." I can only answer that during the past few years I have "concocted" some 250 such stories, which have appeared (with the exception of *The American Girl* and *The Open Road)* in all the juvenile magazines, and I will add that as as well as in some fifteen or twenty other Juvenile Magazines, and I will add that as I write, I have on my desk a letter from the editor of one of the magazines Mr. Kempton named, and that this editor writes of "Prep School for Rotarians" in terms of warm approval.

All of which proves—what?

O. J. LEWIS

Berkeley, Calif.

Man's Stupidity

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In your recent review of Richet's essay, you say that ignorance and not stupidity is responsible for the failure of mankind to perfect itself. That this is not true is easily shown and I select but one example: The Friends' Service Committee announced that Russia was in need of supplies of quinine to combat the ravages of malaria. When I opened my mail on the day following, I found in it a handsomely illustrated and obviously expensively published brochure entitled "Chinium: Scriptiones Collectae," published by the Bureau tot bevordering van het kinine-gebruik in Amsterdam, The Netherlands. This signified that Holland was seeking fields for exporting the quinine produced in her colonies. The inability of the two nations concerned to match supply with demand is not ignorance; it is stupidity. That Holland was well aware of the conditions in Russia is witnessed by a series of statements in this red-covered book. That the Russians know the therapeutic value of quinine is easily proven. Why then the malaria of the Urals?

This is a single, but signal point in evidence that it is not man's ignorance, but his failure to use the means he has in his possession for combating disease. Did he use his knowledge, every form of infectious disease could be eradicated within a decade.

WITHROW MORSE.

Lansdowne, Penna.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 6 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, will send postpaid and insured, any book mentioned or reviewed anywhere, upon receipt of Published price. Catalogues free. 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

RARE EDITIONS

OLD AND MODERN FIRST EDITIONS from De Foe to de la Mare, Color Plate Books, Fine Printing, Modern Presses, Association Copies, Sets in limited editions, are included in our Rare Book catalogue No. 160. Sent free on request. Goodspeed's, 9a Ashburton Place, Boston.

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FIRST EDITION old and rare books. M. E. Northwall, 641 Peters Trust Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea. England.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST. First editions (D. H. Lawrence, Machen, etc.), Publications of Nonesuch Press, Bruce Rogers items, and other choice and interesting books. Moderately priced. J. Henry Guntzer Jr., 51 North Regent St., Port Chester. N. Y.

RARE BOOKS in English and French. Catalogue on request. ADELINE ROBERTS, 51 West 49th Street, New York. Open evenings.

A CATALOGUE that will interest you has just been issued. Illustrated Books, Fine Bindings, First Editions, Sporting Books, Ships, and Miscellaneous Items. Sent on Request. Frank C. Brown, 44 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

SPECIALISTS

READ WITHOUT BUYING! Rare, scarce out-of-print, unusual books; limited and subscription editions; translations and reprints of famous classics and contemporary non-fiction items by all leading publishers. Books on the following subjects are constantly being added to the Library, at the suggestion of Members. Anthropology, Biography, History, Memoirs, Philosophy, Psychology, Travel, Exploration, Archaeology, Translations, Classics, Belle-Lettres, etc. We invite the interest of readers who wish to avoid the heavy investment necessitated by personal ownership of such library.
When writing for information and list of books, kindly state occupation or profession. Esoterika Biblion Society Inc., 45 West 45th St. New York N. Y.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICIZED, Revised, Typed, Advice as to markets, Twenty-five years as writer, editor, publisher. Circular on request. Also catalog thirty text-books for writers. James Knapp Reeve (Founder and former editor of The Editor) 8 Alex Bldg., Franklin, Ohio.

EXPERT TYPING—Leading Playwrights, poets, authors, recommend my work. Careful, beautifully typed, reasonable. Miss BLOODGOOD, 51 W. 10th Street New York.

MANUSCRIPTS of every type, TYPED. Minor errors Minimized; 1 carbon neat work. Write for Writers' reasonable rates, to: Wallace M. Goldsmith, 134 Wharton Ave., Glenside, Pa.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH AND GERMAN CHRISTMAS cards, Calendars, gift books. Catalogues on request. Schoenhof's 387 Washington St., Boston Mass Established 1856

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagams, 80c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

FOLK SONGS OF BOHEMIA (English) Words, music. Beautifully illustrated. $2.50. SZALATNAY, 542 East 79th street, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa .

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STEEET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncoming of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

SEND FOR CATALOG of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington. Chicago.

CATALOGUE of Christmas Suggestions now ready—also Catalogue No. 5 on Art subjects. To be had for asking. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49th St., New York.

PLAYS wanted, especially original work by new writers. Frieda Fishbein, Play Broker, 104 West 42nd St., New York City.

CONDOR'S BOOKSTORE, 65 Fifth Ave. Scarce items. Biggest bargains in New York. Come in. Catalogue ready.

OVERLAND NARRATIVES; the Indians; slavery; the Civil War. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

READ ANY BOOK FREE. Delivered to your New York City business or home address. Phone or write Hermes Travelling Library Service, 81 Nassau St. Courtland 4689.

JUST OFF THE PRESS. The Trial of Jesus Christ, by Prof. Andrew C. Bisek. Lit. B., B. J., L. L. D., professor at Chicago Law School. A discussion of the legal aspect of this world's greatest trial in every day language. It answers the question: Was the trial of Jesus a legal proceeding or the operation of the spirit of the mob. Autographed $5.00. Progressive Press, 1158 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. 826, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10488 (Largest exclusive out-of-print specialists in the world.)

OUR OUT-OF-PRINT SERVICE searches without obligation for books, magazines, genealogies, English publications, special items, etc. Items quoted at moderate prices. National Bibliophile Service, 1270 Broadway, New York Pennsylvania 2986.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Open Letter to Mr. Leonard Bacon

Dear Mr. Bacon:

In the great democracy of books, every man is surely entitled to his own opinion. Your opinion of "Thunder on the Left" happens to differ from ours; at the same time your review was so clear, so comprehensive, and so discriminating that it set us to wondering whether it represented the opinion of the average reader. It was in an attempt to ascertain that opinion that we threw open this column to the public.

❖ ❖ ❖

The results have been deeply interesting.

We have received two letters warmly upholding your views: a very sportsmanlike one from Mr. Carlton Hommel of Syracuse, who says he can't see what Mr. Morley is trying to do, but will have another go at the book; and an admirably clear one from Mr. Carroll T. Brown of Westtown, Pa., who heartily compliments your review.

❖ ❖ ❖

On the other hand, we have received a number of communications supporting our contention. Mr. Robert Garland, literary and dramatic editor of the Baltimore American, writes: "When an American writes a finer and truer and more enduring book than Mr. Christopher Morley's 'Thunder on the Left' I'm very much afraid Mr. Christopher Morley will have to do it."

❖ ❖ ❖

From Beach's Bookshop in Indianapolis comes this telegram: "Merry Christmas. Wish to let you know that the book buyers of the Middle West have confirmed our judgment that Morley's 'Thunder on the Left' is the best novel of the year."

❖ ❖ ❖

From England Mr. E. S. Agnew, editor of "Punch," writes (independently of the discussion) to express his admiration for "Thunder," and Mr. H .M. Tomlinson, author of *The Sea and the Jungle*, writes "Morley has *soared*. I like this book of his better than any modern work of American fiction I can recall."

❖ ❖ ❖

Our experiment has shown us that there are two strong parties voting on the "Thunder on the Left" question, and it is furthermore being proved to us that this condition is a healthy one.

❖ ❖ ❖

For "Thunder on the Left" . . . . six weeks old . . . . has sold 53,820 copies!—an even more auspicious beginning than that of "So Big" or "Barren Ground" or "The Constant Nymph" or the Page Letters . . . . a few of our most conspicuously successful books.

And at the famous Brentano's in New York, one of the most important bookstores in the world, the best-selling book during the holiday season was

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

Certainly it must be the book's ability to stimulate thought and discussion, as well as its own blazing merit, that is helping it break publishing records!

With best wishes for the New Year.

We remain,

Yours very sincerely,

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE HAVE meant to thank *Ivan Swift* for a nice dim snow scene that he sent us on a postal card a short time ago. It is a view of Cass Park, Detroit, from his window and the original painting is in the Utley Library. * * * We have put it where we can glance at its blue-and-greyness ever and anon. * * * The other evening when we met *Will Irwin* again and heard him tell several excellent stories, we forgot to ask him whether the rumor was true that he is the father of the word "highbrow." We wonder. But meanwhile we are reminded of a very cogent remark of *Will Irwin's* on fiction, when asked by a lady just what exactly it was. He said in part:

In fourth rate fiction the author tumbles his characters into his story like a bunch of people getting into a trolley car. The car moves a little way down the track, stops, and everybody gets out. Exactly the same people they were when they got in. In first rate fiction, the author makes you well acquainted with the characters. This is the beginning of the story. Then he subjects the characters to what you might call some of the acids of life—grief, adventure, love, hate. Like a chemist in a laboratory. As the story goes on we see what those acids do to the characters, and in the end we know how and why people are different.

* * * We see that in February *Don Marquis* will lecture on the Bromley Foundation at Yale University. The last time we saw Don he didn't tell us he was going to climb the rostrum. Yale ought to profit by his remarks. If he would only recite "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith" and "The Great Goulash Mystery," from any platform he would sweep the country. * * * But Don is more interested in the theatre at present, being one of the board of managers of The Stagers, with a new play by him, "Mister Pie-Eye" announced for Broadway sometime soon. * * * We never thanked *Vincent Starrett* for sending us certain ribald stanzas of his, back in October. He had them printed for his friends. We thank him now. We have enjoyed them. * * * Of course a remarkable pamphlet of poems by *Max Ehrmann*, entitled "A Virgin's Dream and Other Verses of Scarlet Women," published at Terre Haute, Indiana, by the Indiana Publishing Company, has affected us strongly. Especially the poem about Rose, which ends with this superb finale:

One morning—O what woe of woes!
She found the serpent's sting was red
Upon her little, upturned nose.
She disarranged her brain with lead.
That was the end of Rose.

* * * If people would stop looking at things! The Doctor has now been looking at everything from Literature to what's the latest. And here's *Richard Washburn Child* with "A Diplomat Looks at Europe." We are going to write a book ourselves entitled, "An Editor Looks at His Bank Balance." * * * Only there wouldn't be any book. * * * *Vachel Lindsay* has had several of his poems musically presented recently with great effect. This fall in Venice at the third festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music *Louis Gruenberg's* setting of Lindsay's "The Daniel Jazz" was presented. It was for tenor and chamber orchestra. *Strauss, Toscanini, Schonberg, Stravinsky* and *Montemezzi* heard it and congratulated the composer. This work, in fact, was the success of the festival. * * * Then in a recent New York recital *Madame Louise Homer* sang "General Booth Enters Heaven" with *Sidney Homer's* musical setting. * * *Vachel's new book, to be published this year, will be called "Going to the Stars."*** *Barry Benefield's* "The Chicken-Wagon Family" is now in its twentieth thousand * * * In a recent *Detroit News, H. L. Mencken* ripped off a second alarm about the English novel. We enjoy the gusto with which H. L. pitches into our English cousins! He gets real mad about the reception of *Cabell* and the late *Amy Lowell's* "Keats" in England. * * * Keep it up, Henry! You've got stuff on the ball. * * * *Benjamin De Casseres* has sent around a broadside entitled "What is a Doodle-Goof?" This diatribe is as sizzling as anything Ben has got off his chest for some time. It is reprinted from the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*. * * * Ivan Swift, to whom we have already tendered thanks, sends us a sample of *Eddie Guest's* regular daily "pome" from the *Detroit Free Press*. Ivan thinks a seven year old child could do it better. * * * Probably! But you gotta believe in that stuff, boy,—you gotta believe in it! * * * The poems of *William Henry Venable*, edited by *Emerson Venable*, have now been brought out by Dodd, Mead in a new two dollar gift edition. * * * Venable was an Ohio poet whose first book, "June on the Miami" was published as far back as 1871. His poem "My Catbird" is one of the best ornithological poems we have ever read. * * * If you are interested in poets of Ohio, Emerson Venable has edited a two-dollar "Poets of Ohio." * * * Either of these books may be obtained from Stewart Kidd, 19-23 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati. * * * The best paper on the late *Amy Lowell* we have yet seen remains *Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's* "Amy Lowell: Memory Sketch for a Biographer" which appeared in *The New Republic* for November 18th, 1925. * * * *William Griffith*, in *The Dearborn Independent* of November 14th, contributed a most interesting paper on *O. Henry* as he knew him. * * * *Ludwig Lewisohn*, writing from Paris, informs us that five of his lyrics have been set to music by *Thelma Spear* (Mrs. Ludwig Lewisohn), a lyric coloratura soprano whose programs in Vienna and Berlin have been highly successful. American musical critics like *W. H. Humiston* and *Henry T. Finck* have praised her art. * * * Culled from old sporting magazines, where they have long lain unrecognized, a new lot of "Jorrocks" selections by the famous *Robert Smith Surtees* have now been brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, under the title, "Thoughts on Hunting and Other Matters." * * * *George Denholm Armour* of *Punch* has furnished illustrations. * * * *G. M. Bolling's* "The External Evidence for Interpolation in Homer" (an attempt to solve the question as to which lines in the Iliad and the Odyssey were added by hands later than the period of the supposed composition of the poems of Homer), and *"Q"'s* "Oxford Book of English Prose—1350-1914" appear from the Oxford Press, American Branch. * * * *Ben Huebsch*, wife, and son are now on an extended jaunt through Europe. They spent Christmas in Stockholm. * * * The special autographed edition of *William Ellery Leonard's* "Two Lives" was oversubscribed within a month of its first announcement. The regular edition is now in its second printing and a third has been ordered. * * * The French artist *Jacquier* has illustrated the new illustrated edition of *André Maurois's* "Ariel * * * That story about the English gardener who found the priceless Shakespeare relics was very interesting. What of the expert verdict? * * * The coal situation is probably worrying you. Well, at least you can read "The Case of Bituminous Coal" by *Walton H. Hamilton* and *Helen R. Wright* (Macmillan) and find out whether the new mining is a reality or a myth! * * * The authors are aided in their work by the council and staff of The Institute of Economics, and this is the second book in a group of studies on coal, which industry is now in such great confusion. * * * *John G. Neihardt's* "Poetic Values" is one of the most interesting books on the function and value of poetry in the largest sense, that we have ever read. * * * When we bid you farewell the other day, we remarked, "Osta manana." One *Dionisio Jaunarena*, who signs himself "yours spiggoty," upbraids us for our ignorance. He says, in fact, "Hasta la manana, it is—y'big simp!" * * * We meekly accept the rebuke. Although it has made us rather wistful. * * * "Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems" by *Robinson Jeffers* has outsold in advance any volume of poetry issued by Boni and Liveright with the exception of *Edgar Lee Masters's* "The New Spoon River." * * * *Gertrude Atherton* is working upon a life of Aspasia. * * * The publication date of *Raymond Weaver's* first novel, "Black Valley," is January 4th (Viking Press). It is a story of Japan. * * * *The Minaret*, which is the second oldest poetry magazine still being published in this country, has celebrated its tenth birthday by the inauguration of a new editorial board. * * * We wish to thank that genial bookdealer, *Gabriel Wells*, for a large beautifully printed Christmas leaflet entitled "Life Eternal" and composed by Gabriel himself.

* * * The engravings on copper by *J. E. Laboureur*, that illustrate the new edition of an English translation of 1793 of *Jacques Cazotte's* famous "Le Diable Amoureux", revive an old tradition (of cutting designs direct upon a copper plate with a graver) that has long been abandoned. This limited edition of "The Devil in Love" (Houghton Mifflin) is an exquisite small volume. * * * "Renoir: An Intimate Record," by *Ambroise Vollard*, is a book by one of the most astute art dealers living today. It is translated by *Harold Van Doren* and *Randolph T. Weaver*. It is the story of a great painter told in his own words,—an unusually interesting biography. * * * We are in receipt of a marked item in a catalogue of old and rare books, which runs, to our delight, as follows:

548 PHENIX (The), or a Revival of Scarce and Valuable Pieces. . . being a Collection of Manuscripts and Printed Tracts, nowhere to be found but in the Closets of the Curious, by a GENTLEMAN who has made it his Business to Search after such Pieces for Twenty Years Past. * * * It isn't *quite* twenty years! * * * *Mary Lawton* has written up the memories of *Katy Leary*, for thirty years the faithful and devoted servant of *Mark Twain*, in Harcourt's recent publication, "A Lifetime with Mark Twain." All Clemens fans will find some valuable things in the book. * * * One of the most important of Autumn biographies is the definitive "Life and Letters of W. T. Stead," which Houghton Mifflin have just published. * * * *Booth Tarkington* has written a novel about several couples in a suburb, and has called it "Women." We are always in line when a new Tarkington book comes out. * * * We see that *John Peale Bishop*, the poet and formerly a managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, is now titling and subtitling Paramount Pictures for the Astoria studio. * * * *Chase S. Osborn* of Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, takes exception to *Samuel Scoville Jr.*, who recently said in this column that "The cardinal doesn't go any further north than Central Park in New York City." Mr. Osborn replies, "The cardinal has been observed at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. One at least was shot in the Goulais Bay region on the north shore of Lake Superior in Canada. It winters at Battle Creek, Michigan." * * * In "When the Movies Were Young" *Mrs. D. W. Griffith* graphically describes the debut of *Mary Pickford*. * * * *Robertus Love* of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* recently got a communication from the Circulation Department of this esteemed publication addressed to *Miss* Robertus Love. "For a great many years," sighs Robertus, "I have been getting my sex altered in the mails, and I am sore about it. I deny positively that I'm a lady." * * * *Cornelius Weygandt* is Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, and he has now issued his "Century of the English Novel," a critical review of this form of fiction for the last hundred years. * * * He tests the artistic value of many novels by the severest standards, and comes all the way through to *T. F. Powys*. A new book of the same kind done for the American novel is in order; not that there have been none! * * * *Robert O. Ballou* of Chicago brings out *Alfred V. Frankenstein's* "Syncopating Saxophones" in attractive format for those who are interested in very modern musical variations. * * * *A. A. Milne's* "Vespers," the popular Christopher Robin poem, has been put out by Dutton as an illuminated Christmas folder. * * * Albert and Charles Boni present *R. Emmet Kennedy's* "Mellows: A Chronicle of Unknown Singers" in a truly beautiful big flat book. "Mellow is the Negro word for melody, and by this term their devotional songs are called in southern Louisiana." Here then is a gorgeous collection of spirituals, with full words and music, and textual explanation. The music page is as large as ordinary sheet music, ready for the piano-rack. Almost all these "mellows" are new to us. The book is illustrated in black and white by *Simmons Persons*. * * * Again for music lovers is *Sir Landon Ronald's* series of "Masters of Music" (Harper). Each volume is written by a musician of distinction and scholarly attainments. Here on my desk are three. * * * *J. M. C.* says maybe we're right about newspaper poetry, but quotes a very nice poem by *Caroline Aber*, he found in the *Times*. * * * And so, fond friends, *adieu!*

THE PHOENICAN

In his "Les Quatuors de Beethoven" (Paris: Alcan) Joseph de Marliave has combined a technical discussion of Beethoven's string quartets with historical and descriptive material. Whatever may be thought of the correctness and suggestiveness of his musical interpretation the general narrative is both accurate and interesting. It is copiously supplied with musical quotations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED